

POLICE

AUGUST No.45

COMICS

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

PLASTIC MAN

saves his scalp
from the
INDIANS!

PLASTIC MAN
RIDES
10¢



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Distinguished Service on All Fronts . . .
Now Again Serving on the Home Front



1941—NORTH AFRICA



If service ribbons were awarded to coaster brakes, Morrow would wear many. Morrow Coaster Brakes have served the world over . . . providing dependable brake and coaster action on bikes used by the armed forces. They were there at North Africa.



1943—GUADALCANAL



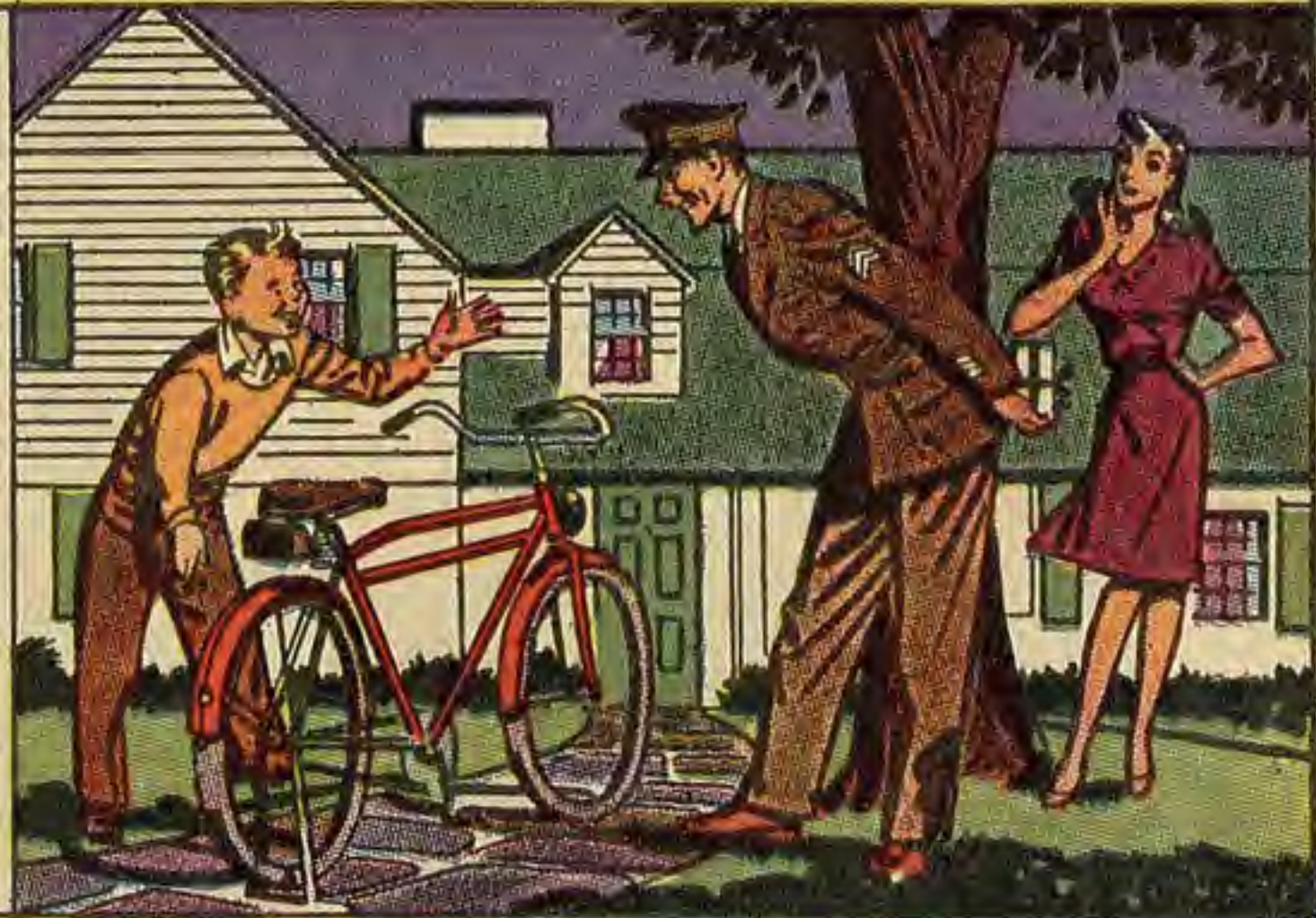
When Uncle Sam selected Morrow Coaster Brakes for use on war bicycles, he knew the punishing conditions they'd serve in . . . like the jungle trails, mud roads, steep hills of Guadalcanal. He knew Morrows could take it.



JUNE 1944—FRANCE



Airborne troops hit the Normandy soil ready for action, and their war bikes parachuted down with them. Silent-operating, quick-stopping, easy-pedaling Morrow Coaster Brakes served the war fronts as they have served the home front for 41 years—dependably.



1945—U. S. A.

This may be the Victory year . . . peace will return . . . you'll look forward to a brand new bike, and you'll want it Morrow-equipped. It's the big, husky coaster brake for glide-ride coasting and easy pedaling . . . with power to stop quickly and smoothly.



- ★ Quick Stops
- ★ Easy Pedaling
- ★ Long, Free Coasting



**THEY'LL SOON BE BACK
AND DEALERS WILL AGAIN
HAVE MORROWS IN STOCK**

Uncle Sam has released a limited number of Morrow Brakes for home front use. See your dealer, but please be patient if he's out of them temporarily. When you buy a Morrow, you buy the finest—they're worth waiting for.

MORROW, ECLIPSE AND BENDIX ARE TRADE-MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Made by the

**ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION**

Famous Auto Brake Manufacturer
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

PLASTIC MAN

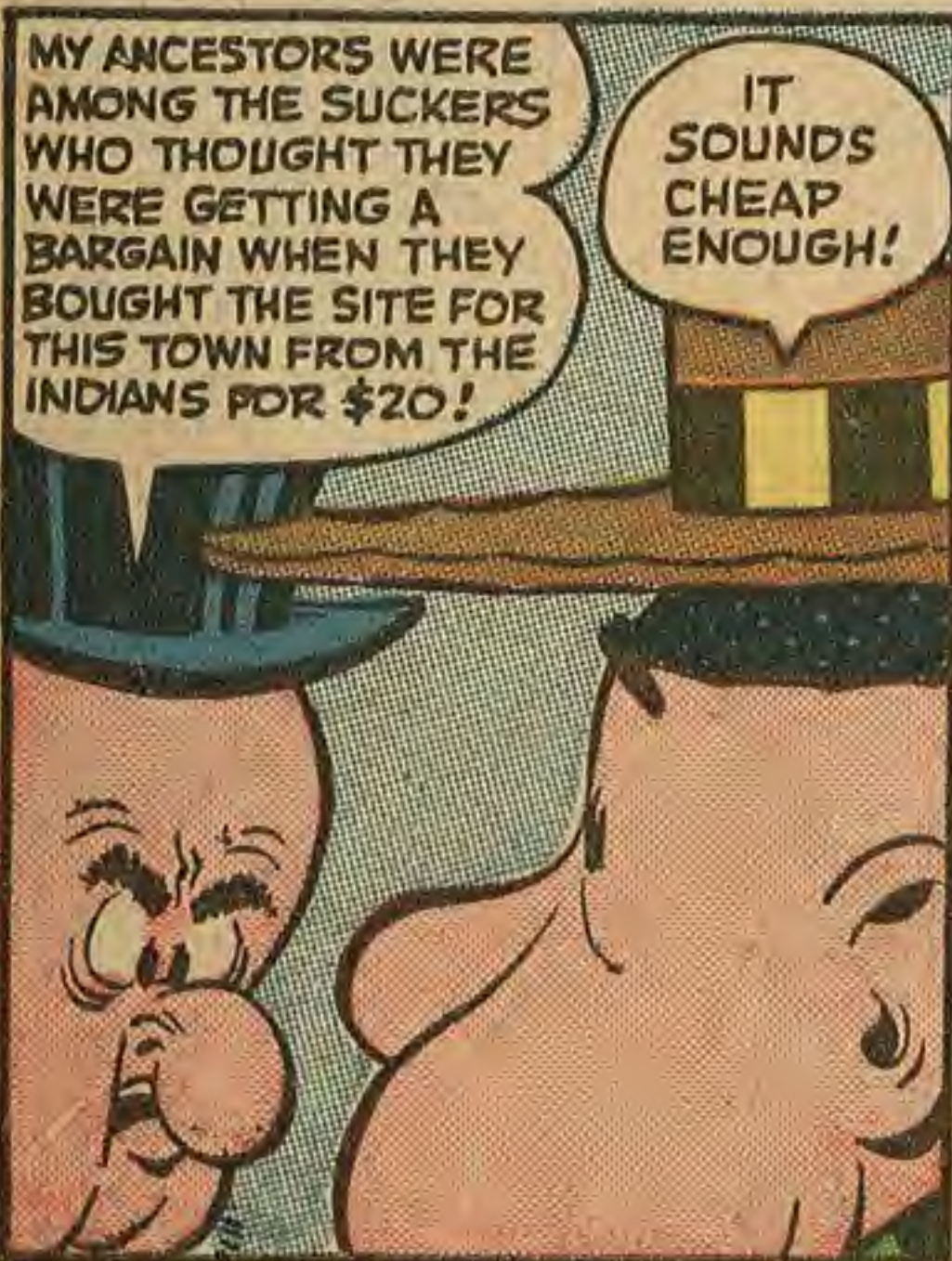
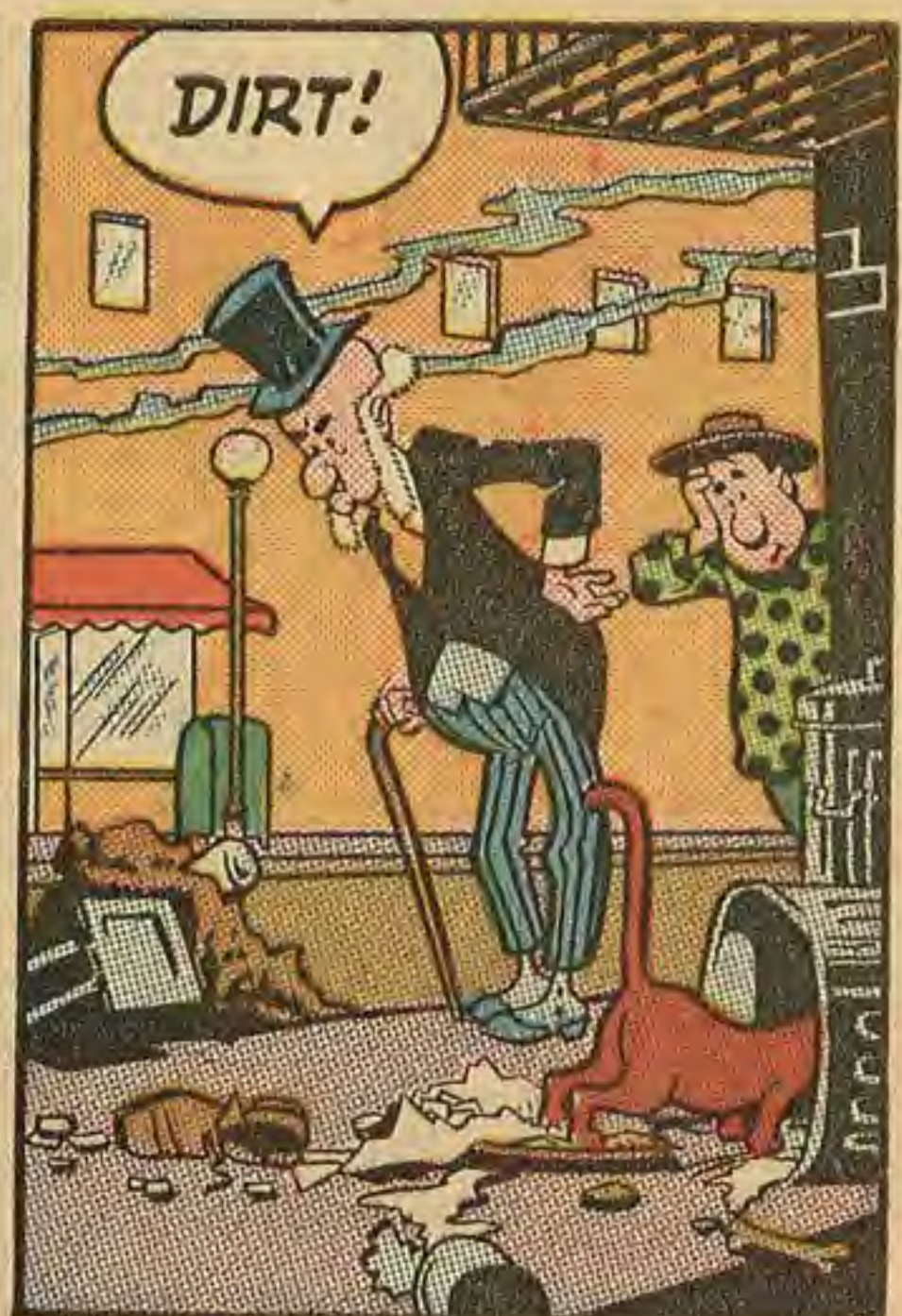
UGH!

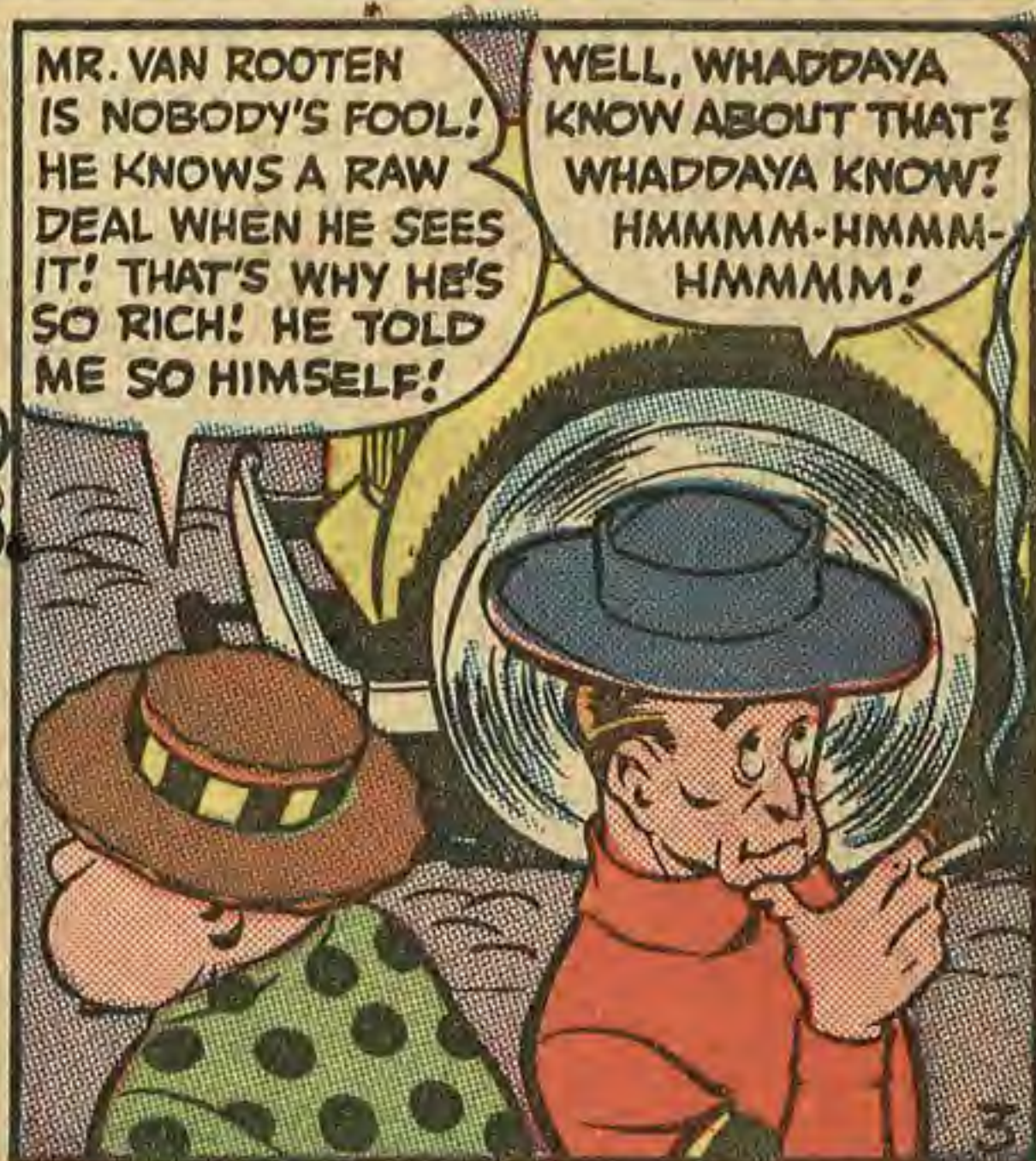
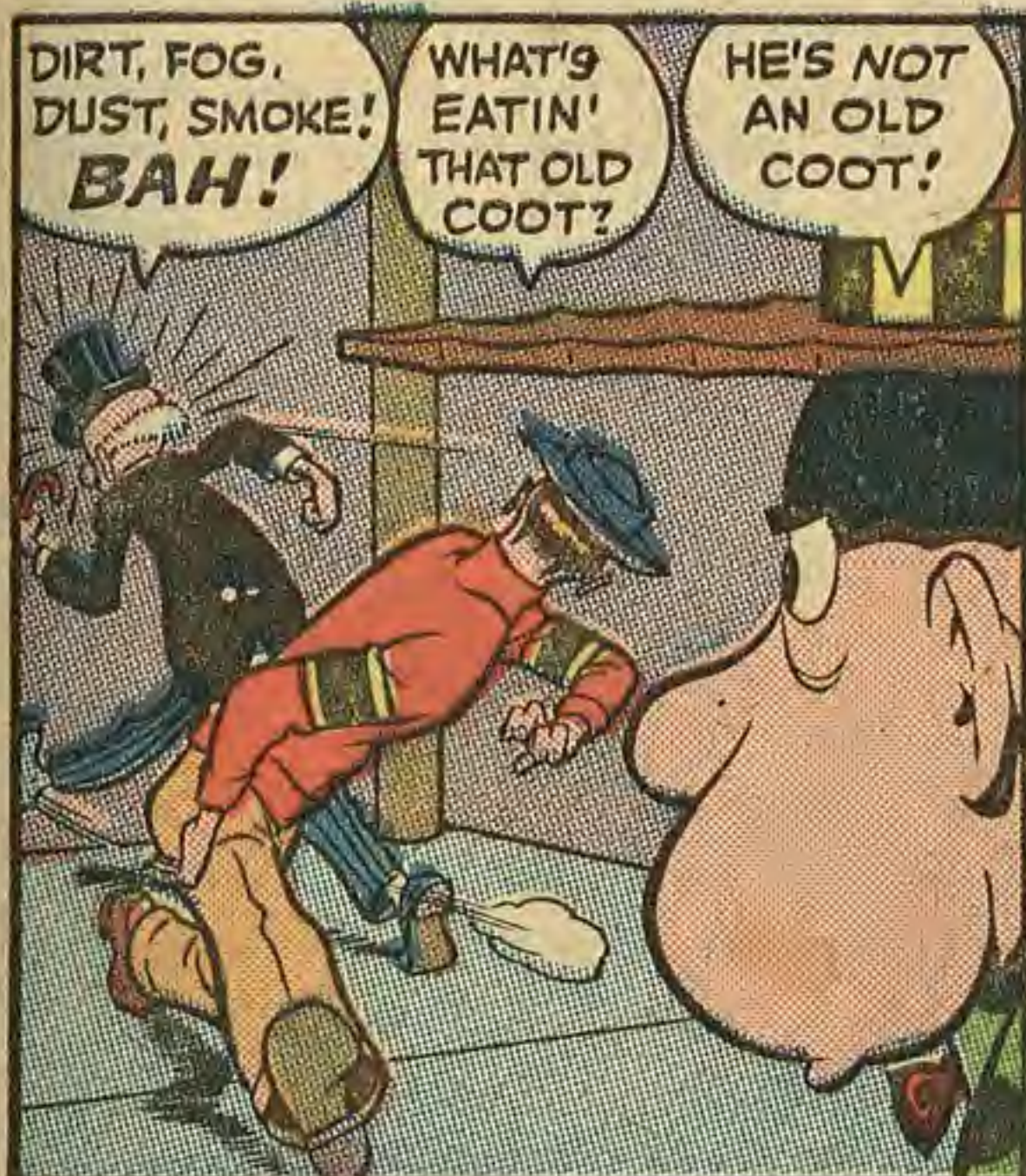
MY
SENTIMENTS
EXACTLY!

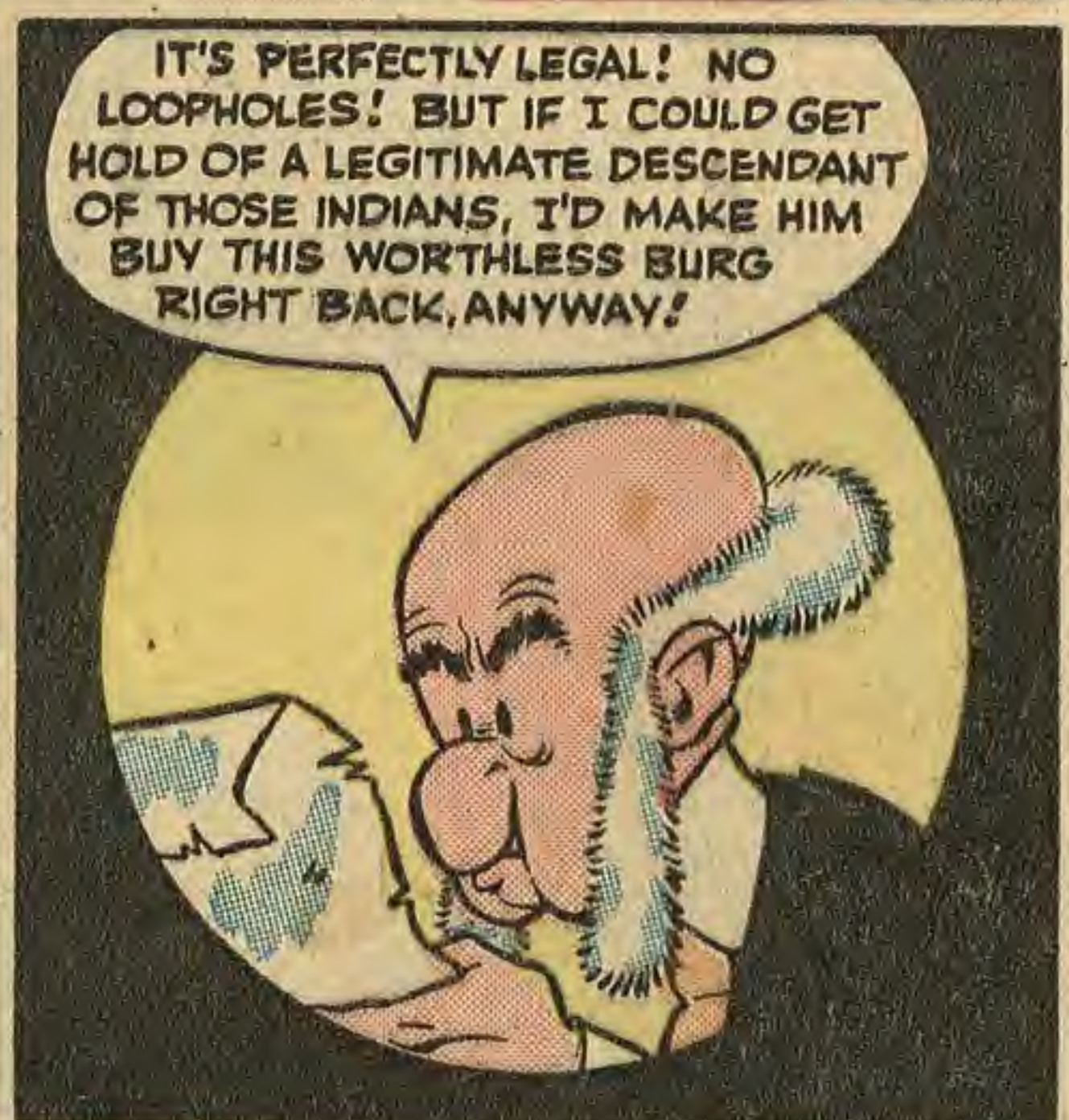
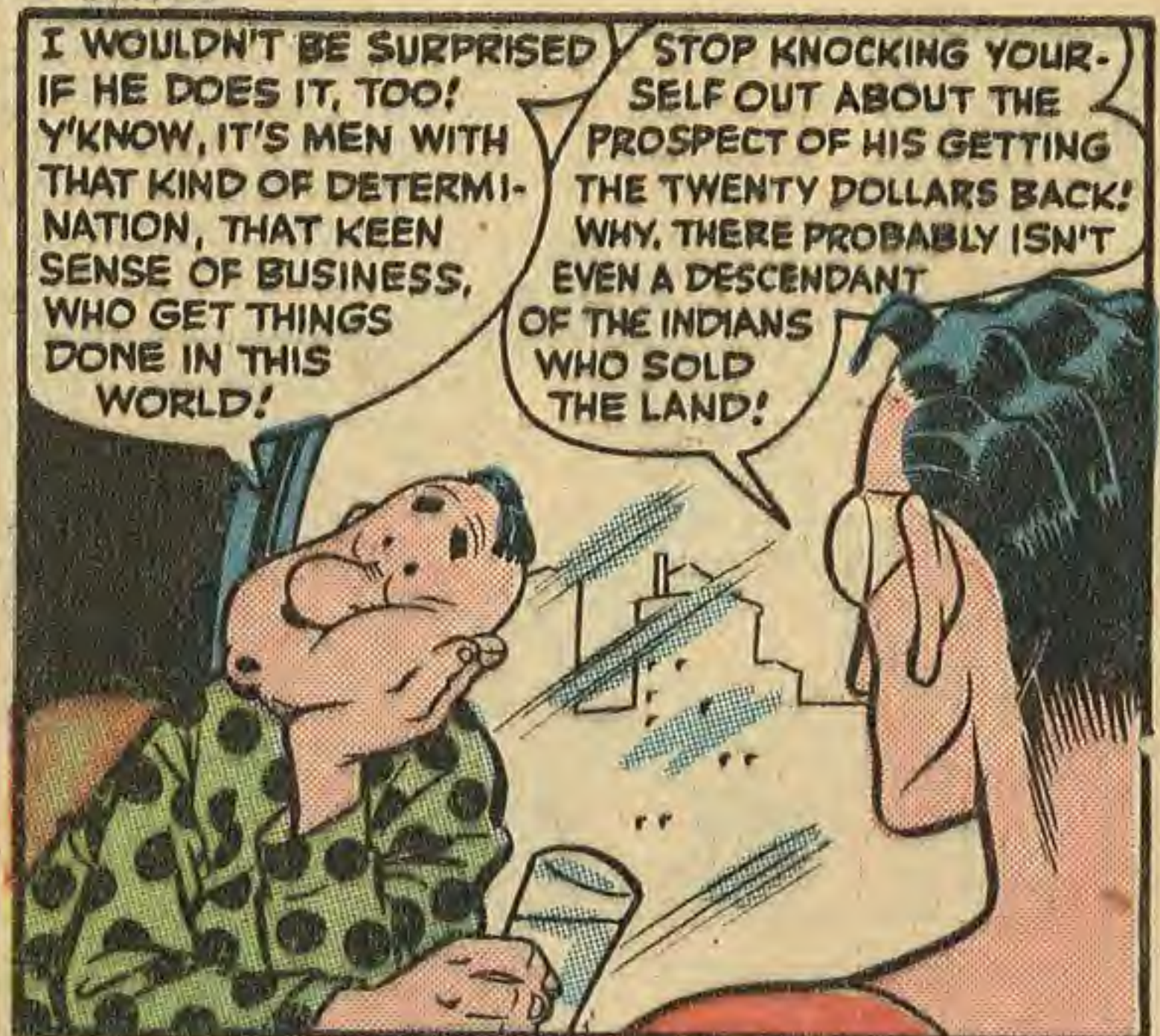
UGH!...
AND I'VE GOT
PLENTY TO
GRUNT
ABOUT!

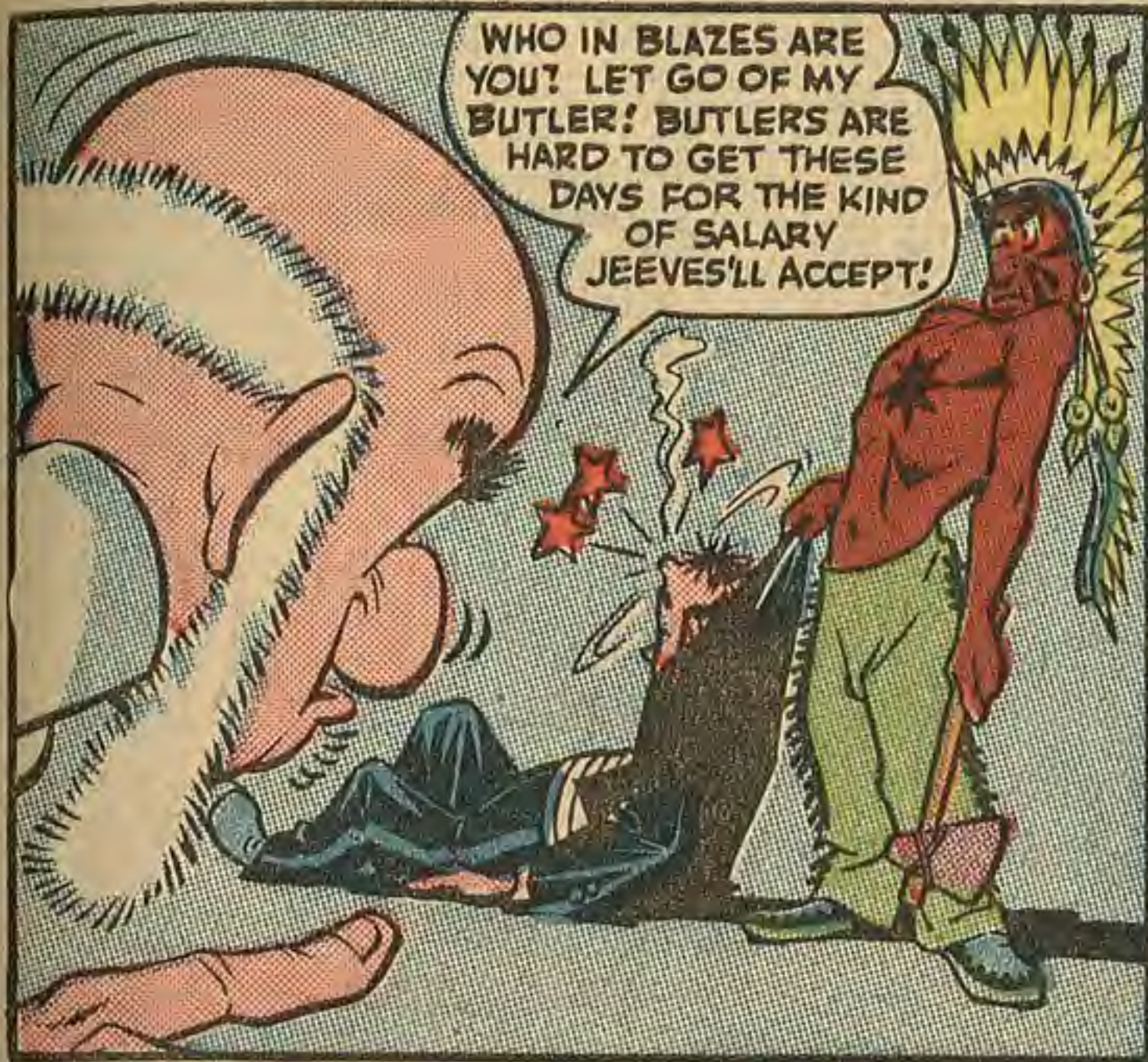
A band of Indians
whoops it up --
and **PLASTIC MAN**
goes on the
warpath!...

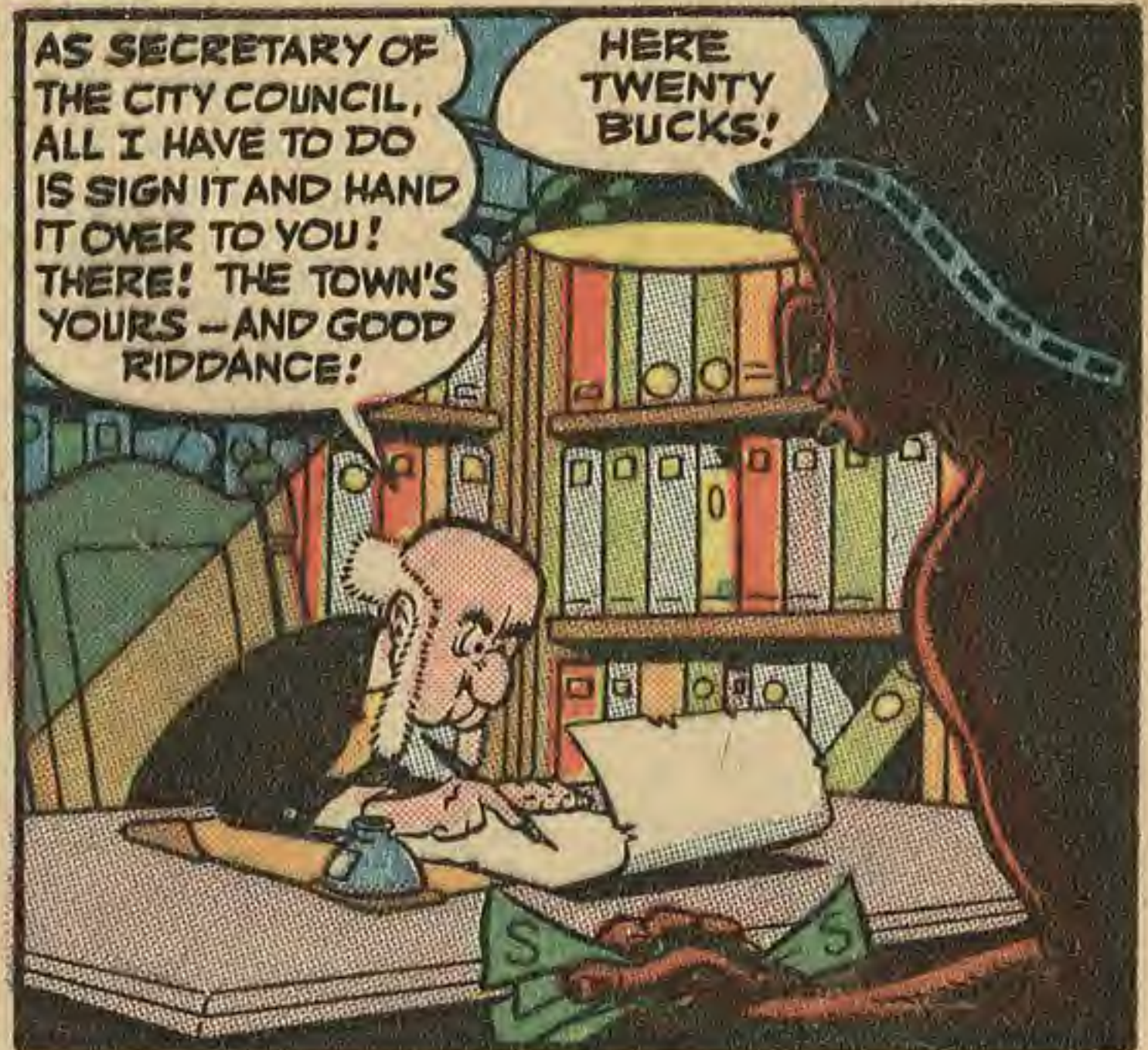
By JACK COLE







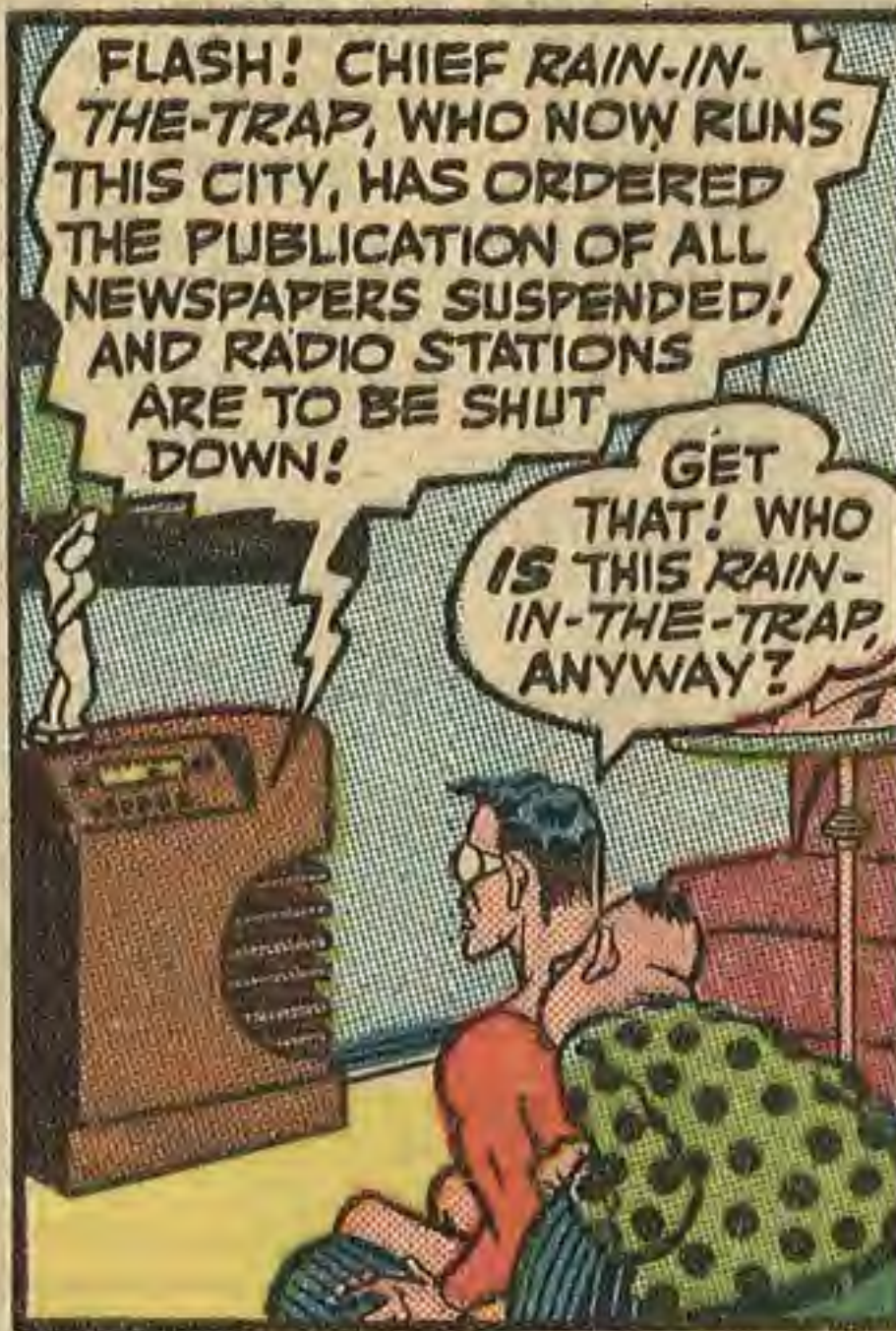




POLICE COMICS



WHAT IN THE WORLD'S GOING ON?



FLASH! CHIEF RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP, WHO NOW RUNS THIS CITY, HAS ORDERED THE PUBLICATION OF ALL NEWSPAPERS SUSPENDED! AND RADIO STATIONS ARE TO BE SHUT DOWN!

GET THAT! WHO IS THIS RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP, ANYWAY?



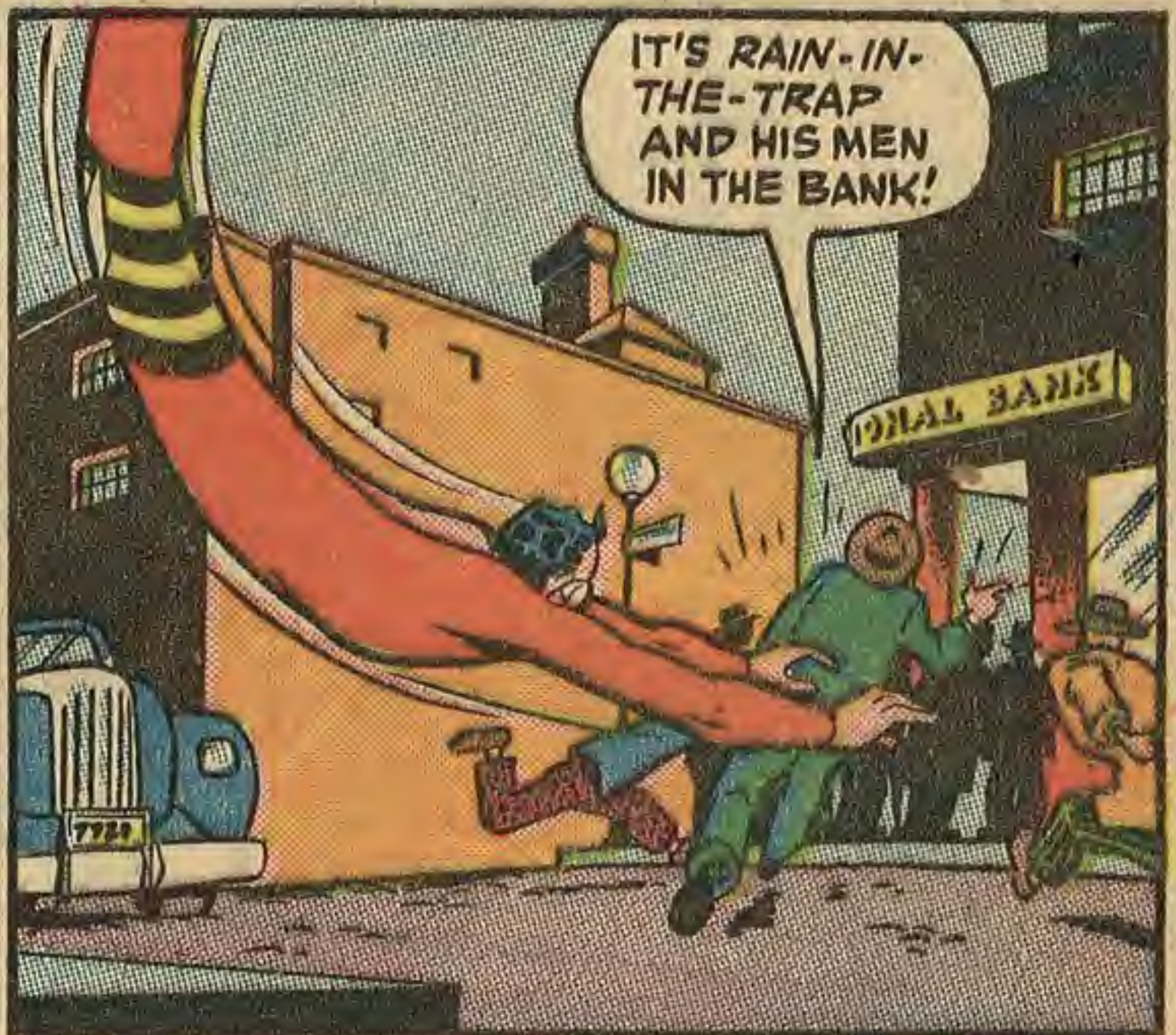
SAY, PLAS, I'LL BET OLD MAN VAN ROOTEN REALLY GOT HIS DOUGH BACK FOR THE TOWN SITE-AND NOW...

AND NOW THESE INDIANS ARE RUNNING RIOT ALL OVER THE TOWN! IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE, BUT THAT OLD SCREWBALL REALLY MAY HAVE DONE IT!

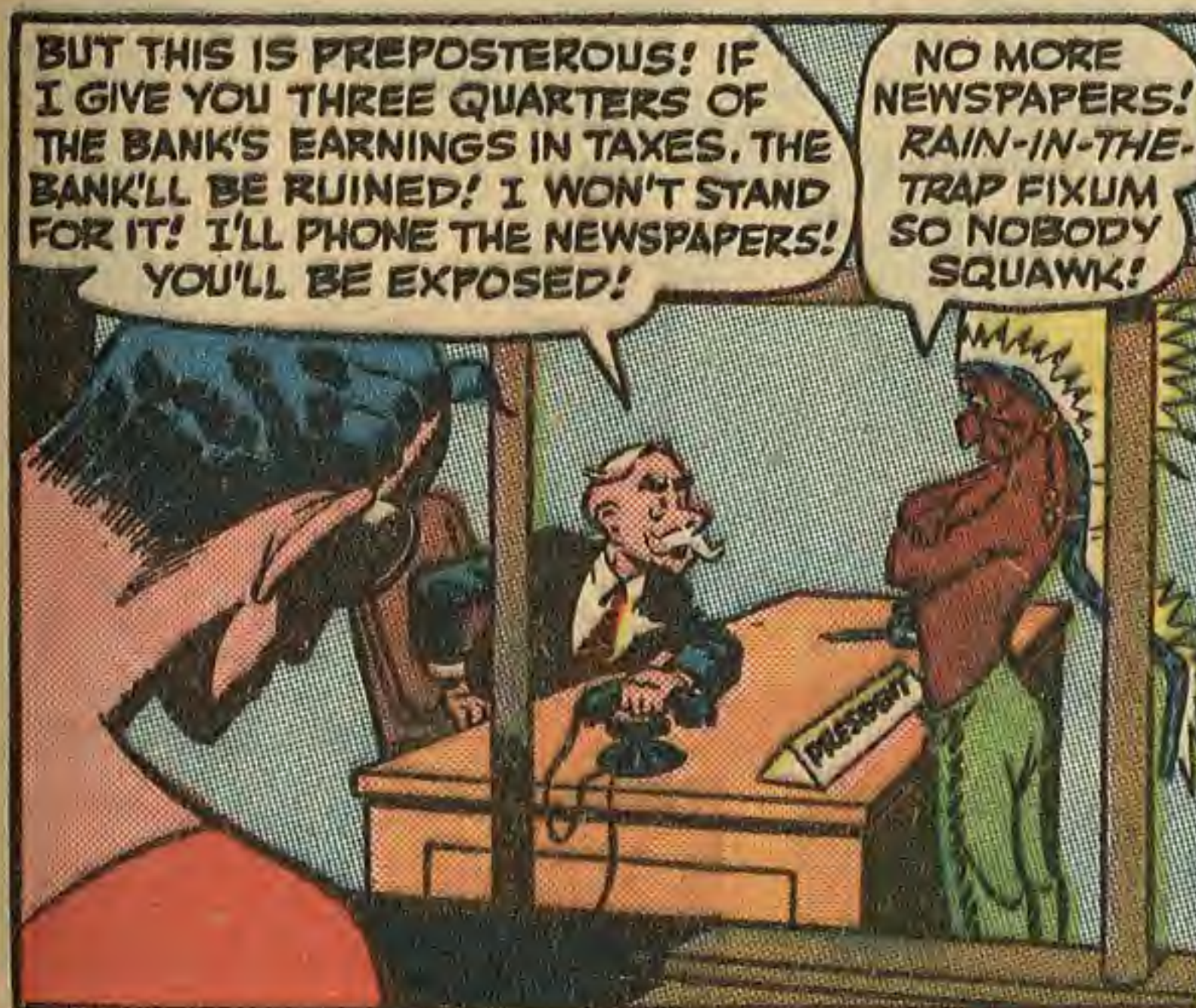


AND I'D BETTER HURRY UP AND SEE WHAT GOES ON!

?

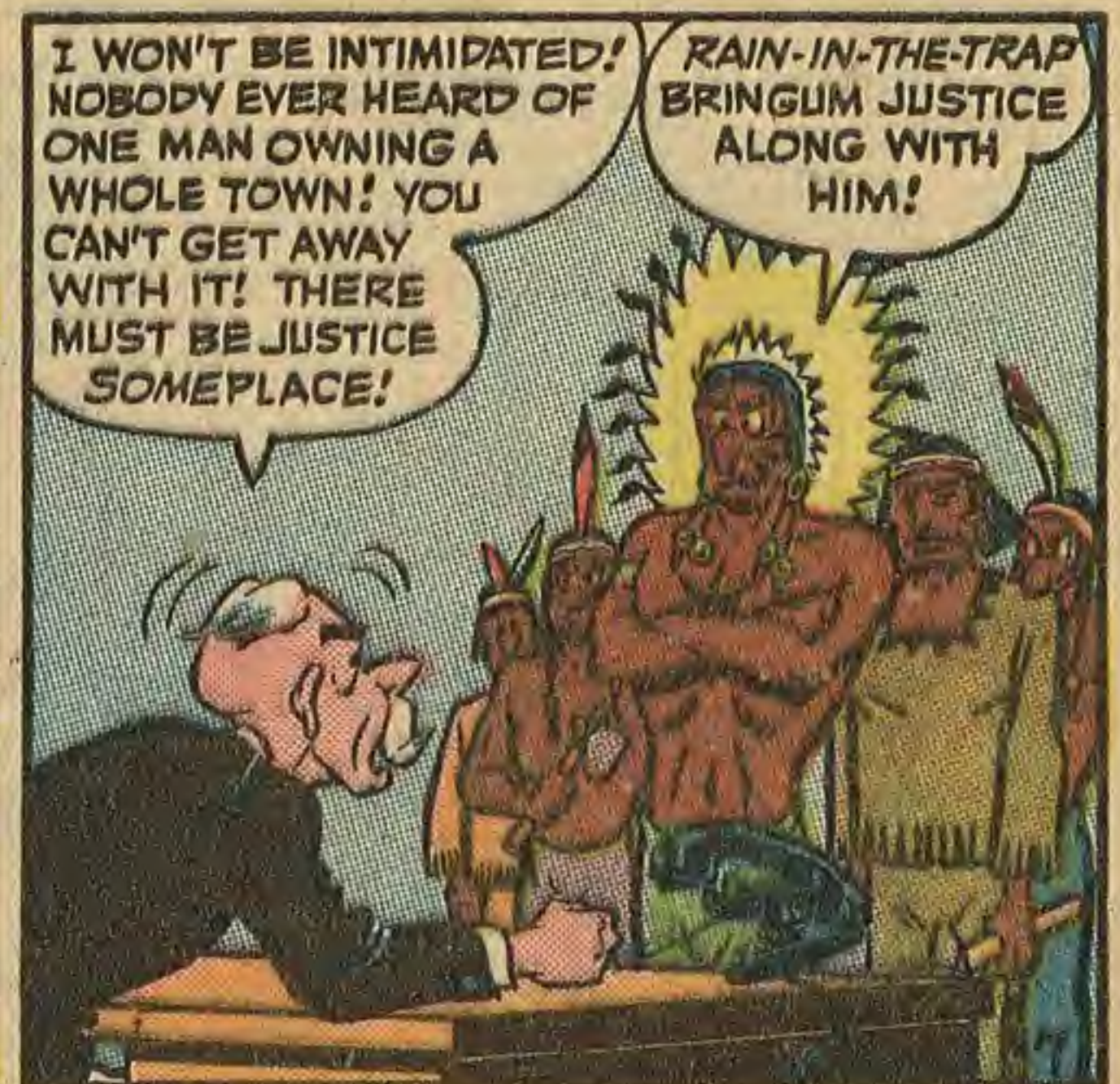


IT'S RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP AND HIS MEN IN THE BANK!



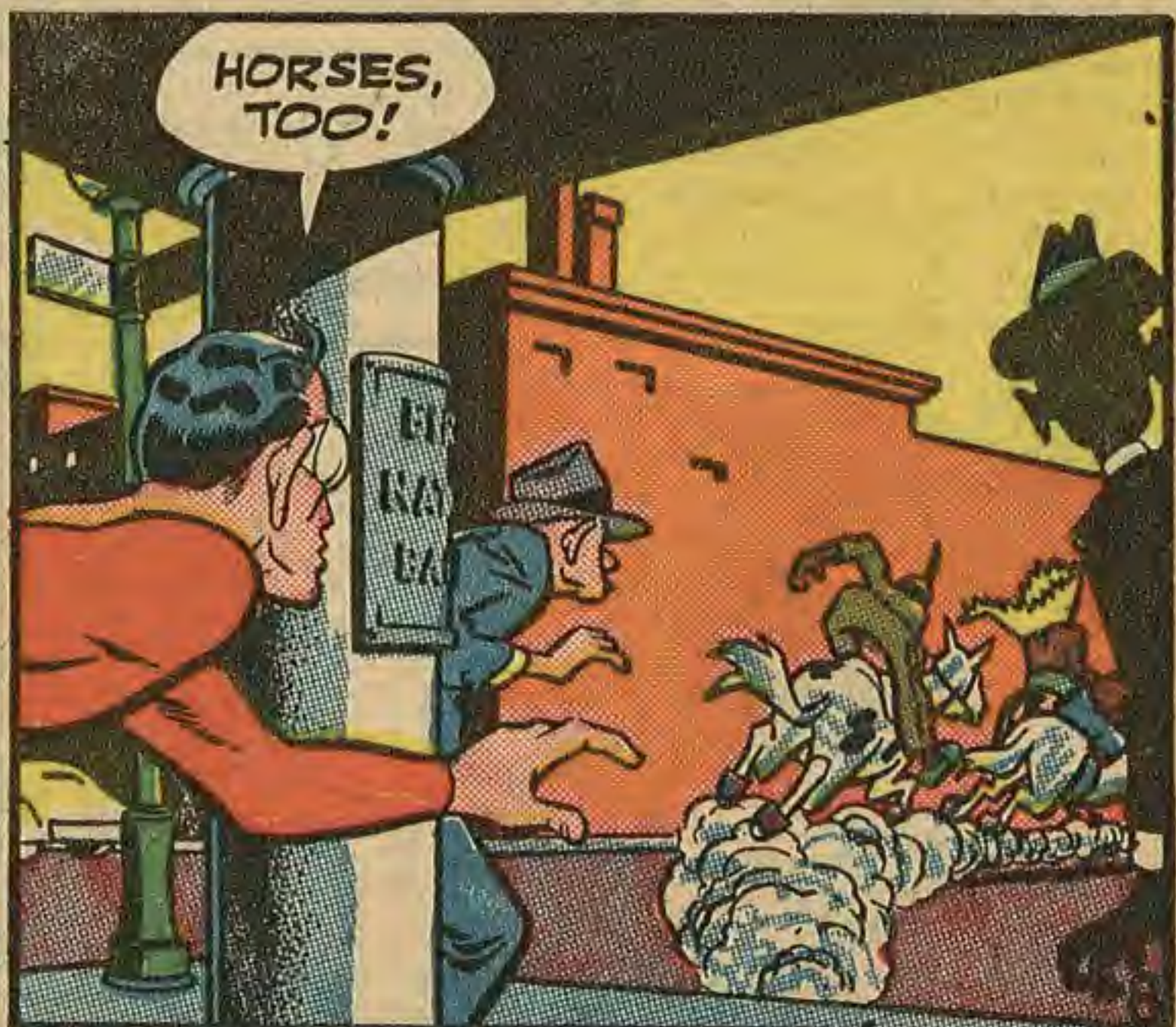
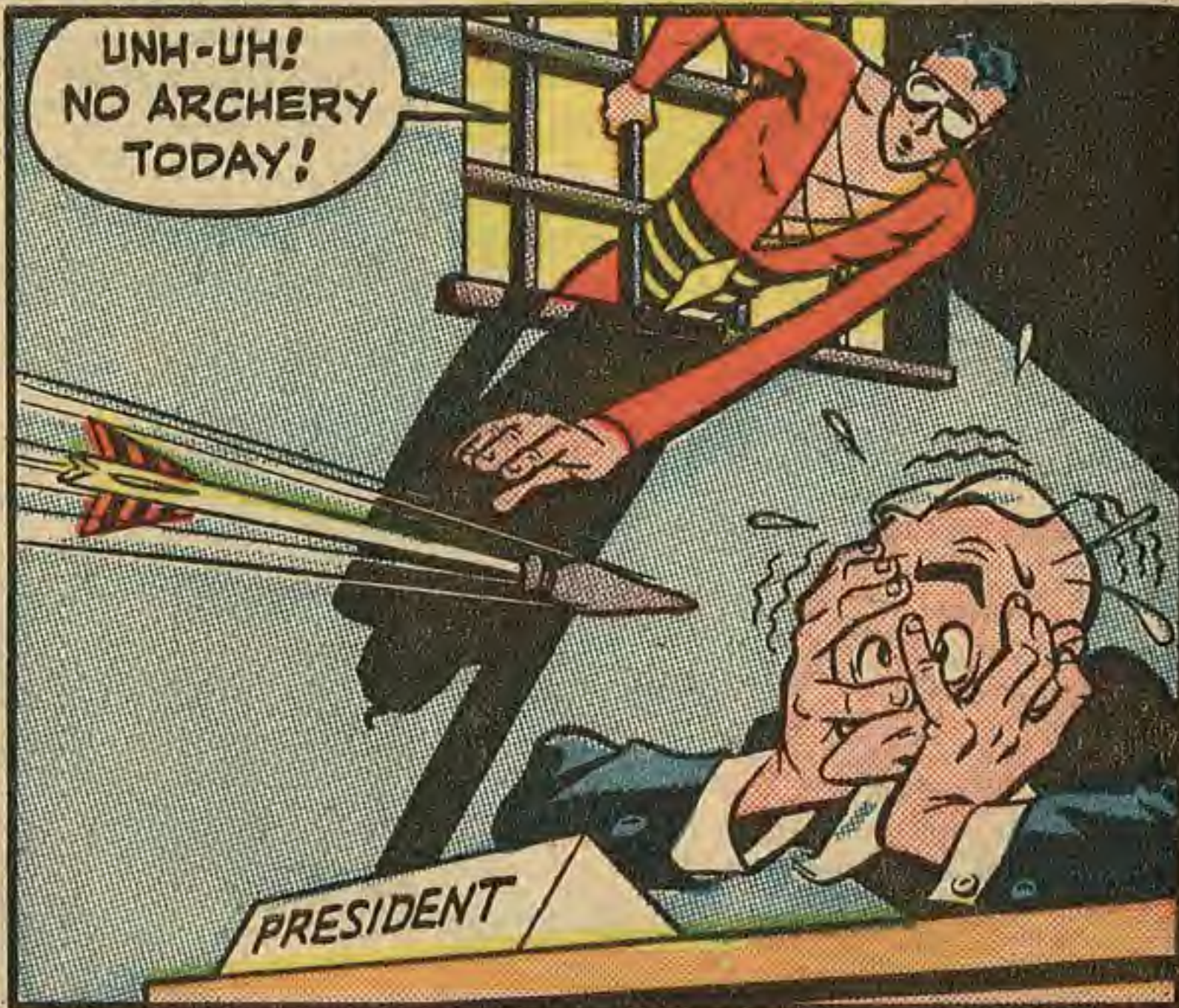
BUT THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! IF I GIVE YOU THREE QUARTERS OF THE BANK'S EARNINGS IN TAXES, THE BANK'LL BE RUINED! I WON'T STAND FOR IT! I'LL PHONE THE NEWSPAPERS! YOU'LL BE EXPOSED!

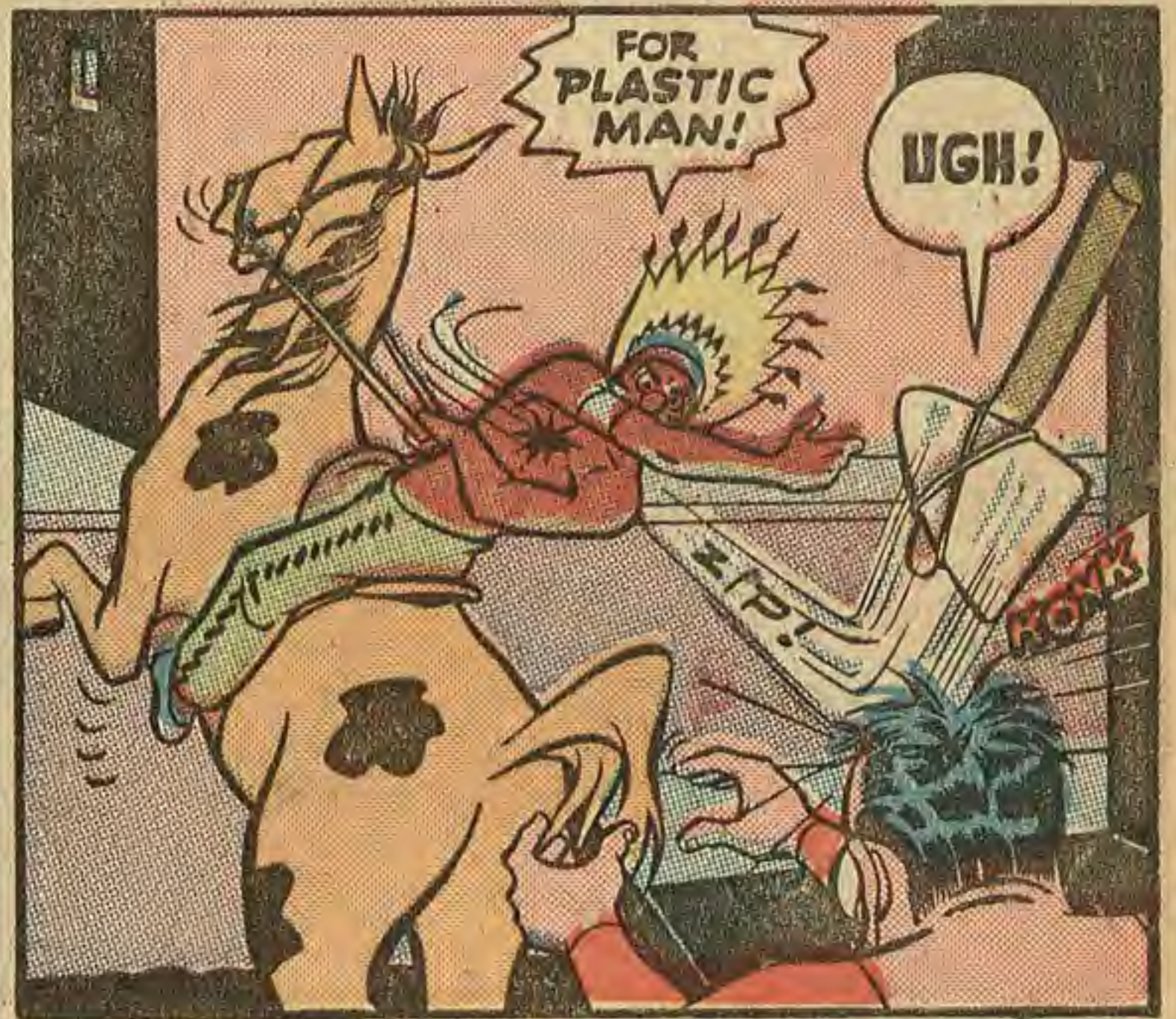
NO MORE NEWSPAPERS! RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP FIXUM SO NOBODY SQUAWK!

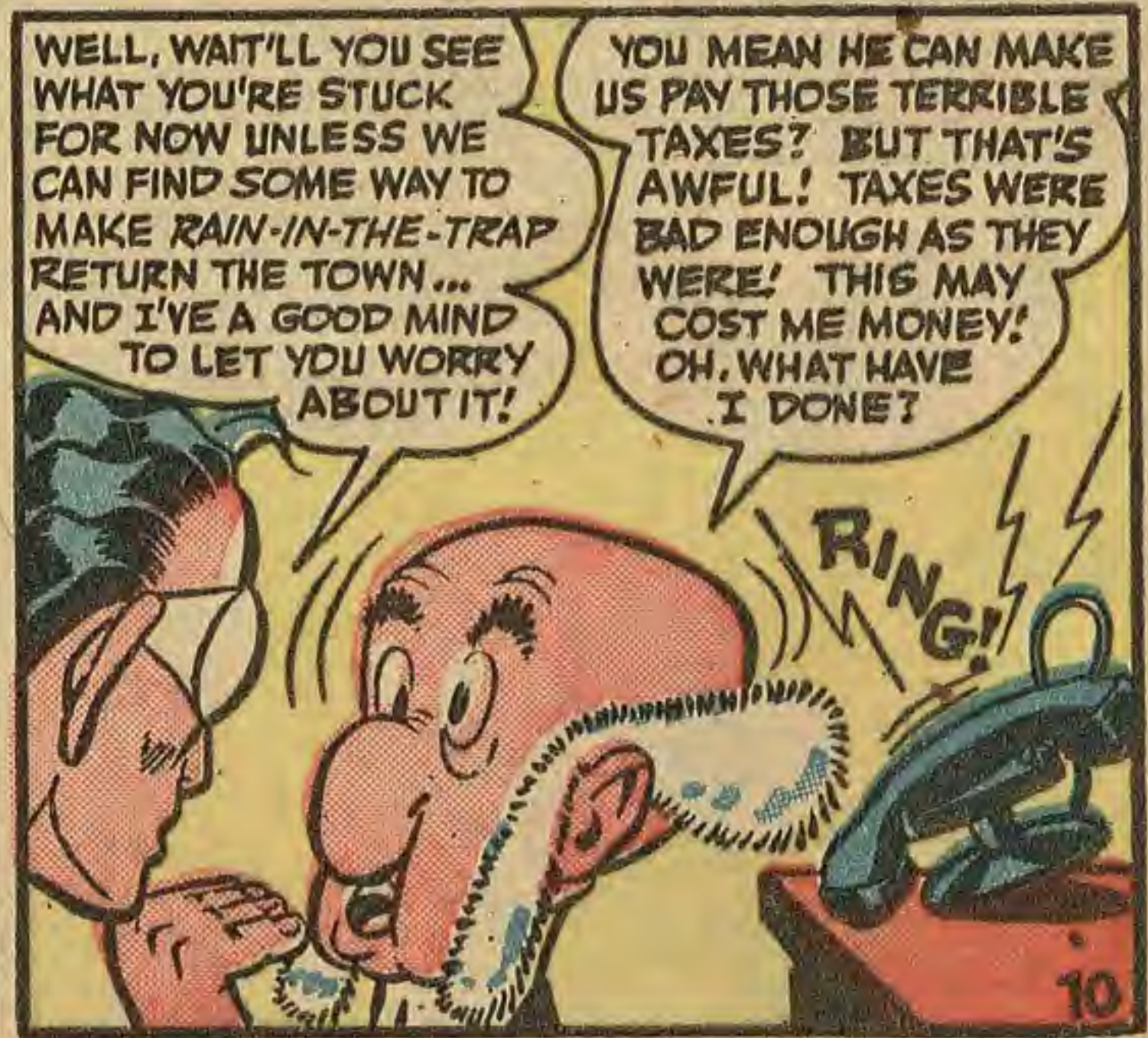
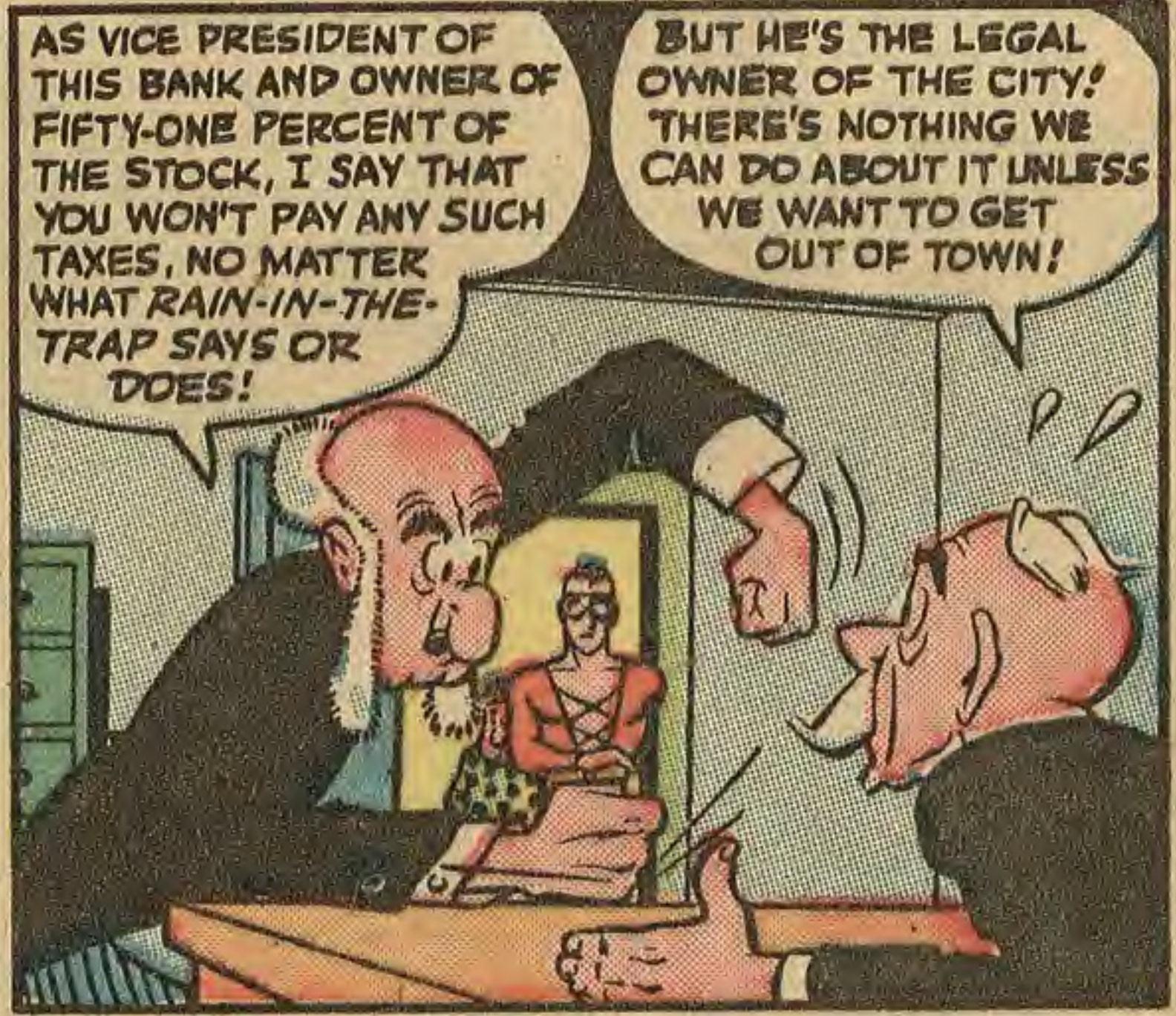


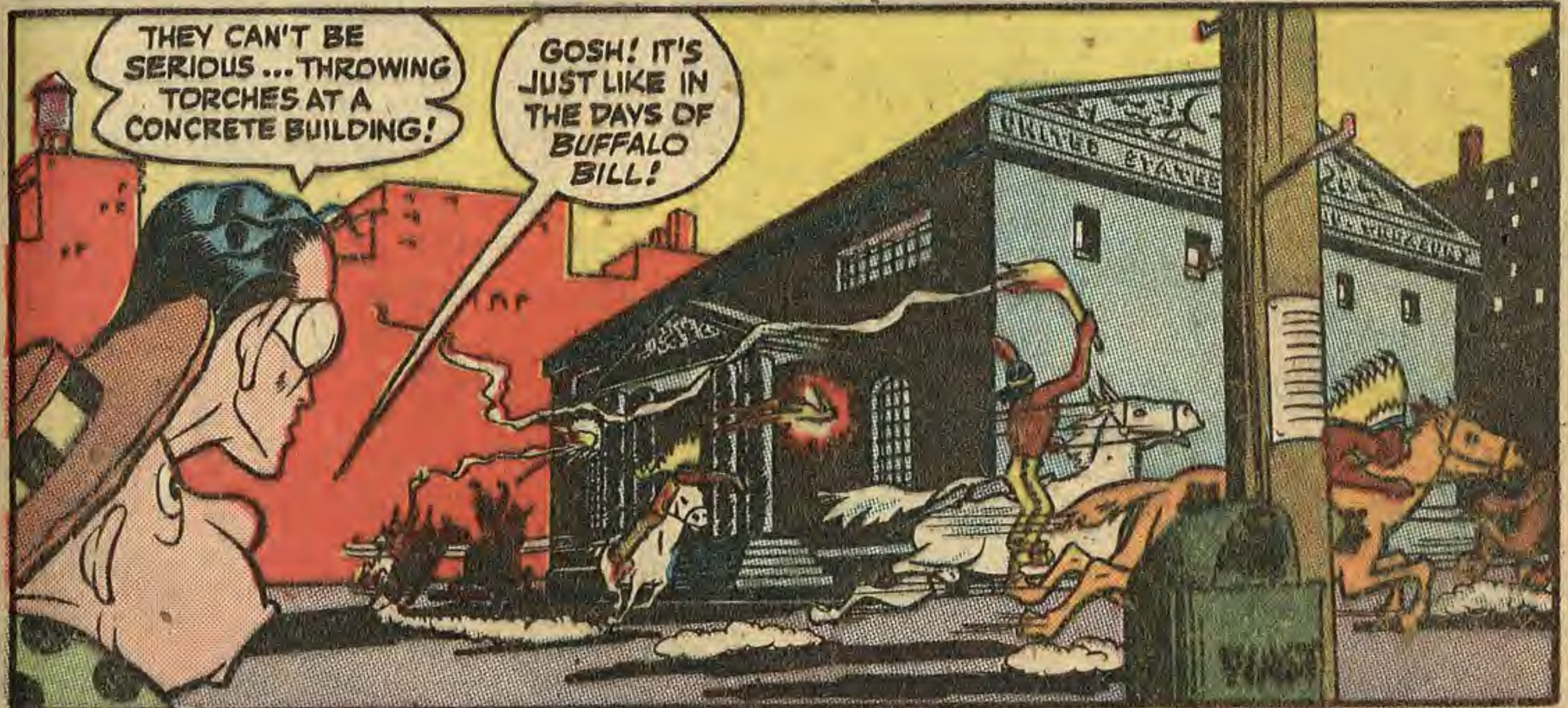
I WON'T BE INTIMIDATED! NOBODY EVER HEARD OF ONE MAN OWNING A WHOLE TOWN! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! THERE MUST BE JUSTICE SOMEPLACE!

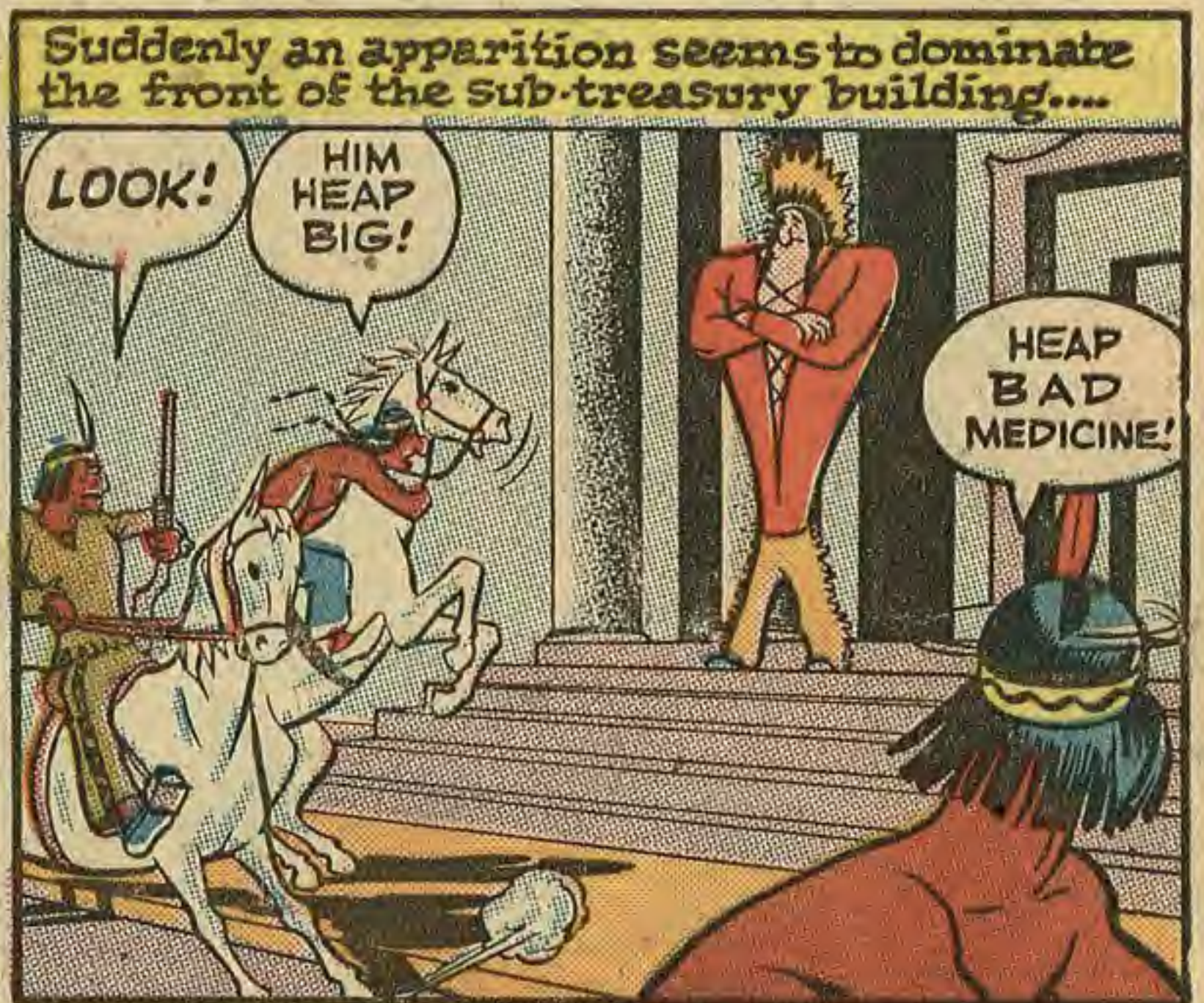
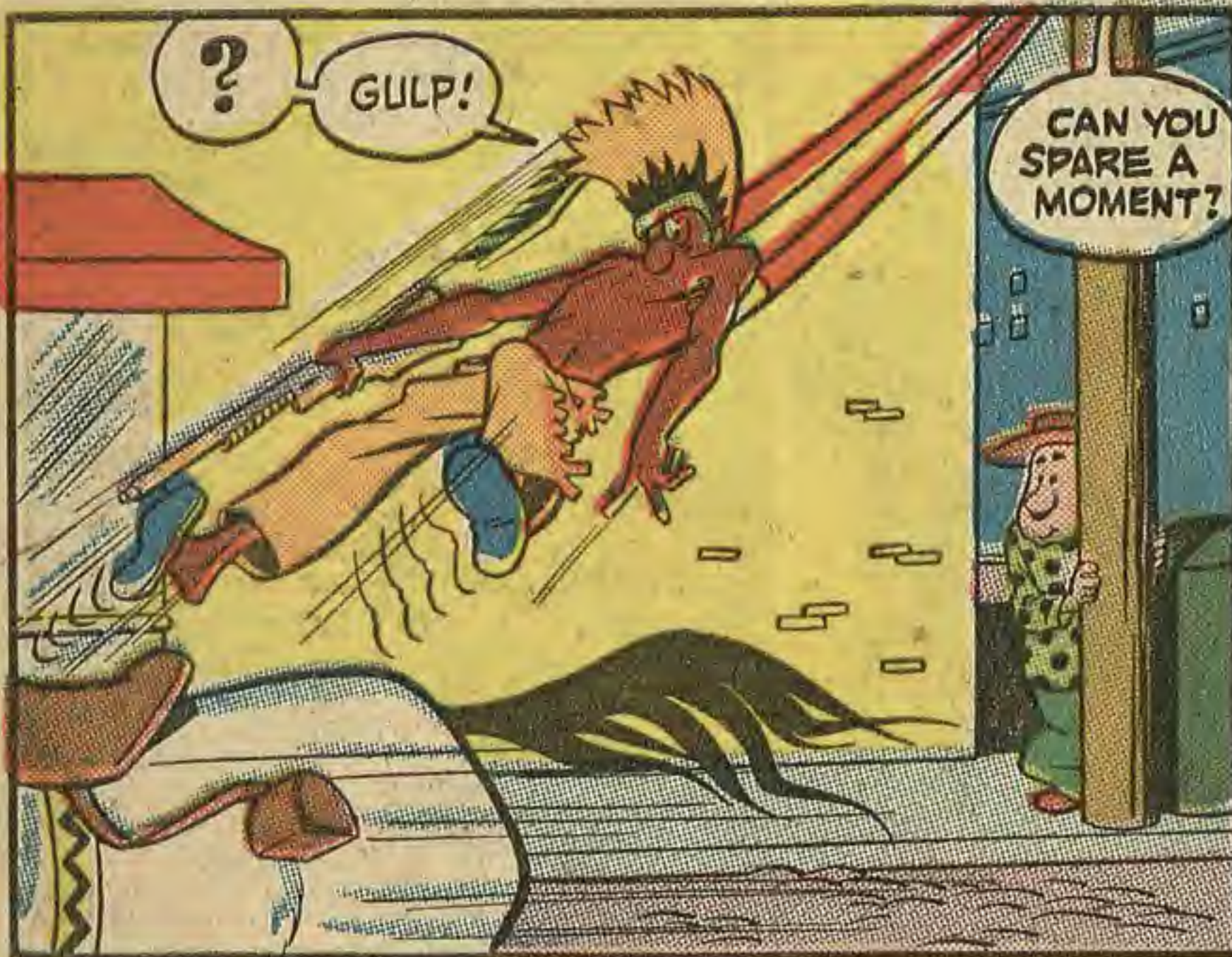
RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP BRINGUM JUSTICE ALONG WITH HIM!



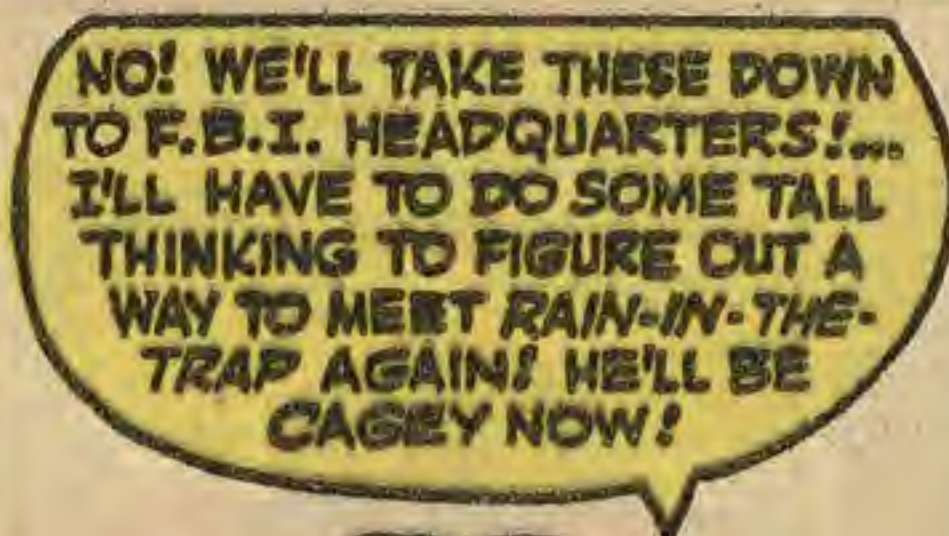












MR. VAN ROOTEN, EH? SO RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP PHONED YOU AND YOU'RE SCARED, EH? WELL, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT... BUT I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

That night... IT--IT'S THE INDIAN CHIEF AGAIN, MR. VAN ROOTEN! I HAD TO LET HIM IN!

HOW!

RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP WANTUM TWENTY BUCKS BACK HEAP QUICK! THIS TOWN NO GOOD! PLASTIC MAN NO LETTUM TAKE ANYTHING! TWENTY BUCKS MORE MONEY THAN RAIN-IN-THE-TRAP CAN GET ANY-PLACE IN WHOLE ROTTEN TOWN!

THAT SUITS ME! LET ME HAVE THE DEED AND I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR TWENTY DOLLARS!

THERE YOU ARE!

ME GO NOW! SOMEDAY ME KILLUM PLASTIC MAN! THEN MAYBE ME BUY TOWN BACK!

WHY NOT TRY IT NOW, MICKEY?

GULP!

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO COME OUT NOW, MR. VAN ROOTEN! THIS DANGEROUS INDIAN CHIEF IS ONLY A CROOK, KNOWN AS MICKEY, THE ACTOR! HE GOT THIS BRIGHT IDEA FOR HIMSELF AND HIS GANG WHEN HE FOUND OUT YOU WANTED TO RETURN THE TOWN TO THE INDIANS!

I'LL HOLD ON TIGHT THIS TIME!

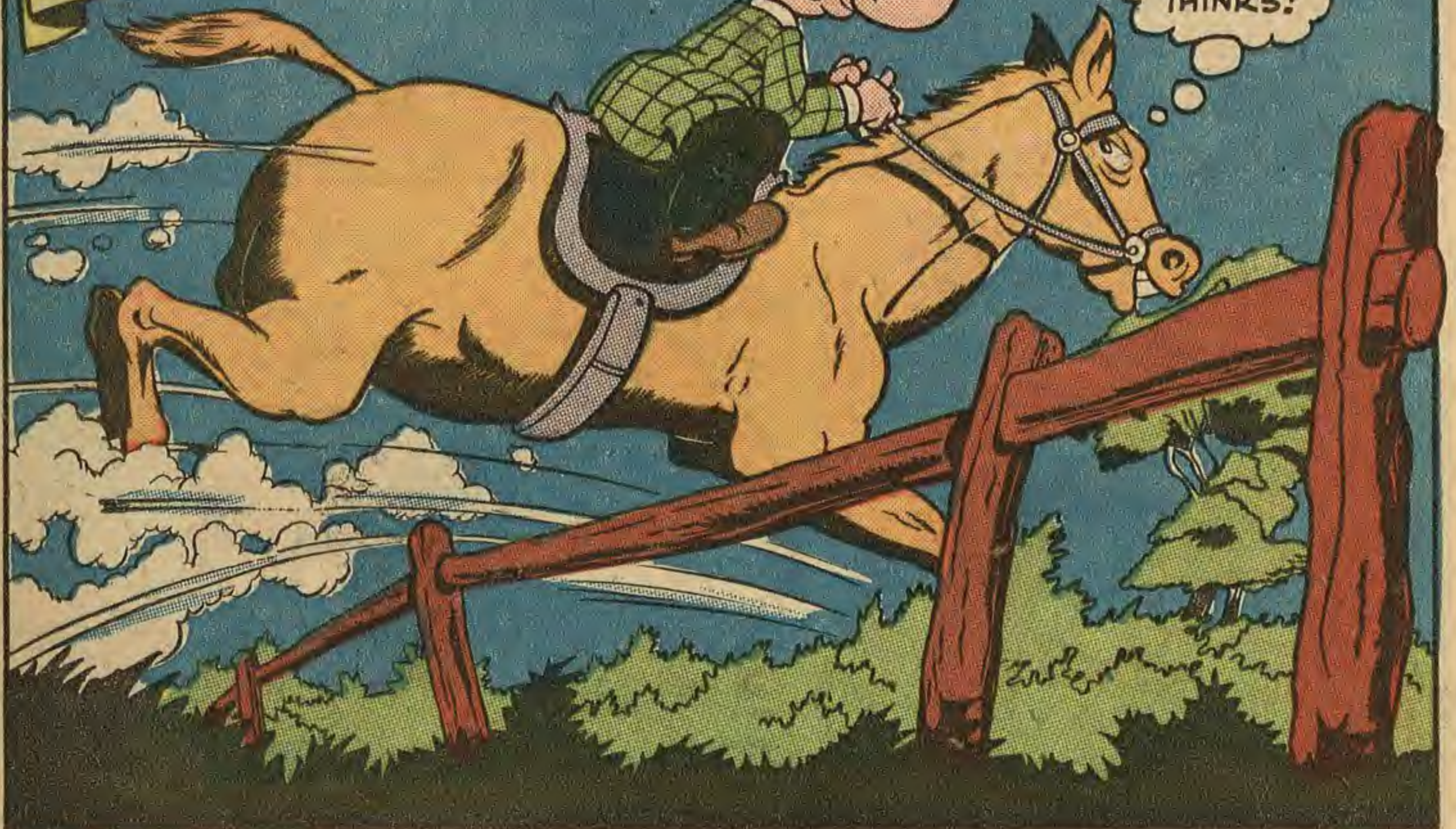
SO MY MOB TALKED! ...AND AFTER ALL THE TIME I SPENT TEACHIN' 'EM THAT INDIANS DON'T BLAB! UGH!

FLATFOOT BURNS

by
AL STAHL
+ GINGER

PERFECT MASTERY!
THE HORSE OBEYS MY
EVERY COMMAND!
..... JUMP!

THAT'S
WHAT *HE*
THINKS!



NOW... THIS IS THE SORT
OF CASE I LIKE TO TACKLE!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
MATCHING WITS WITH A
SCREWY HORSE!

NEWS

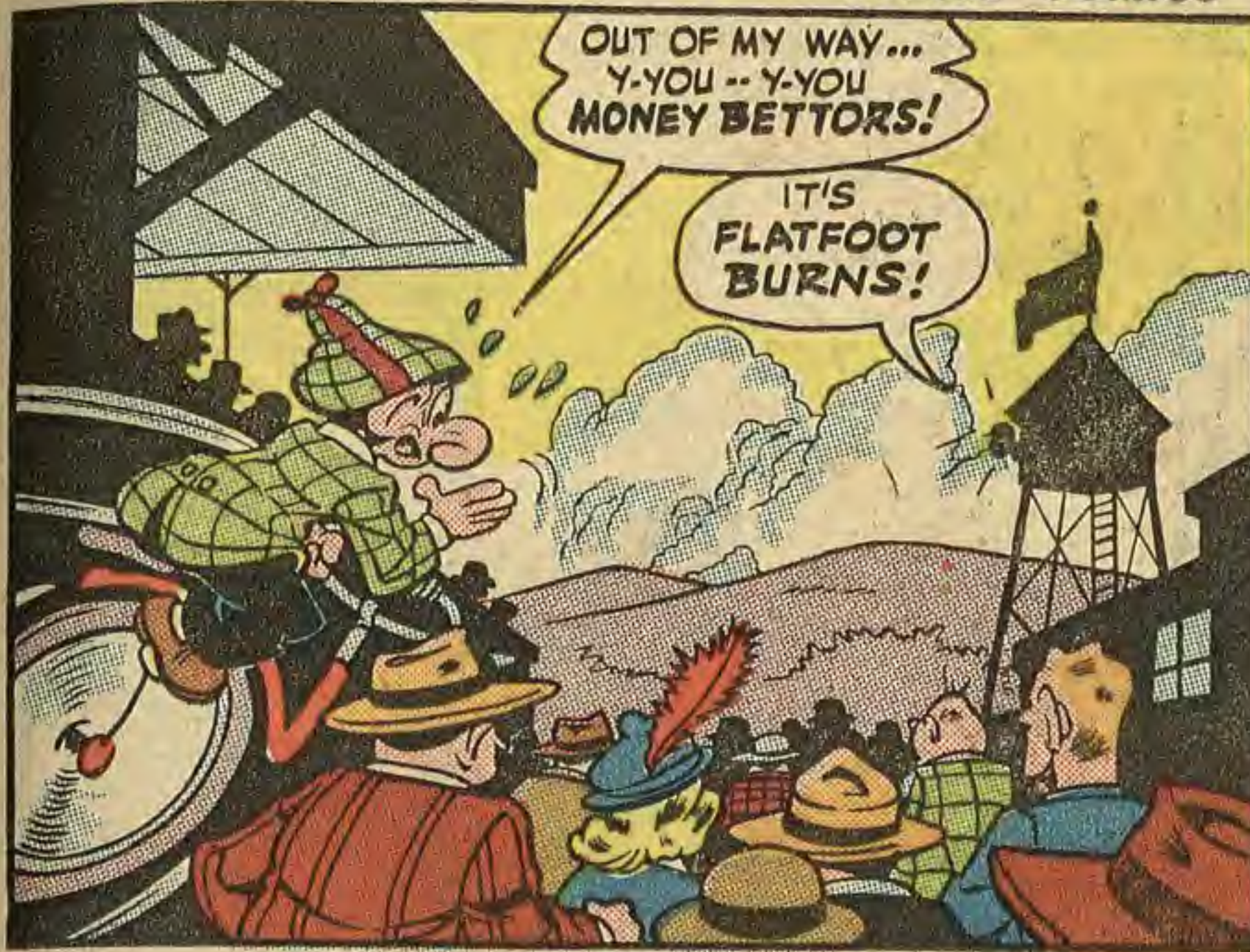
RACE TRACK SPECIAL
VIXEN REFUSES TO RUN!

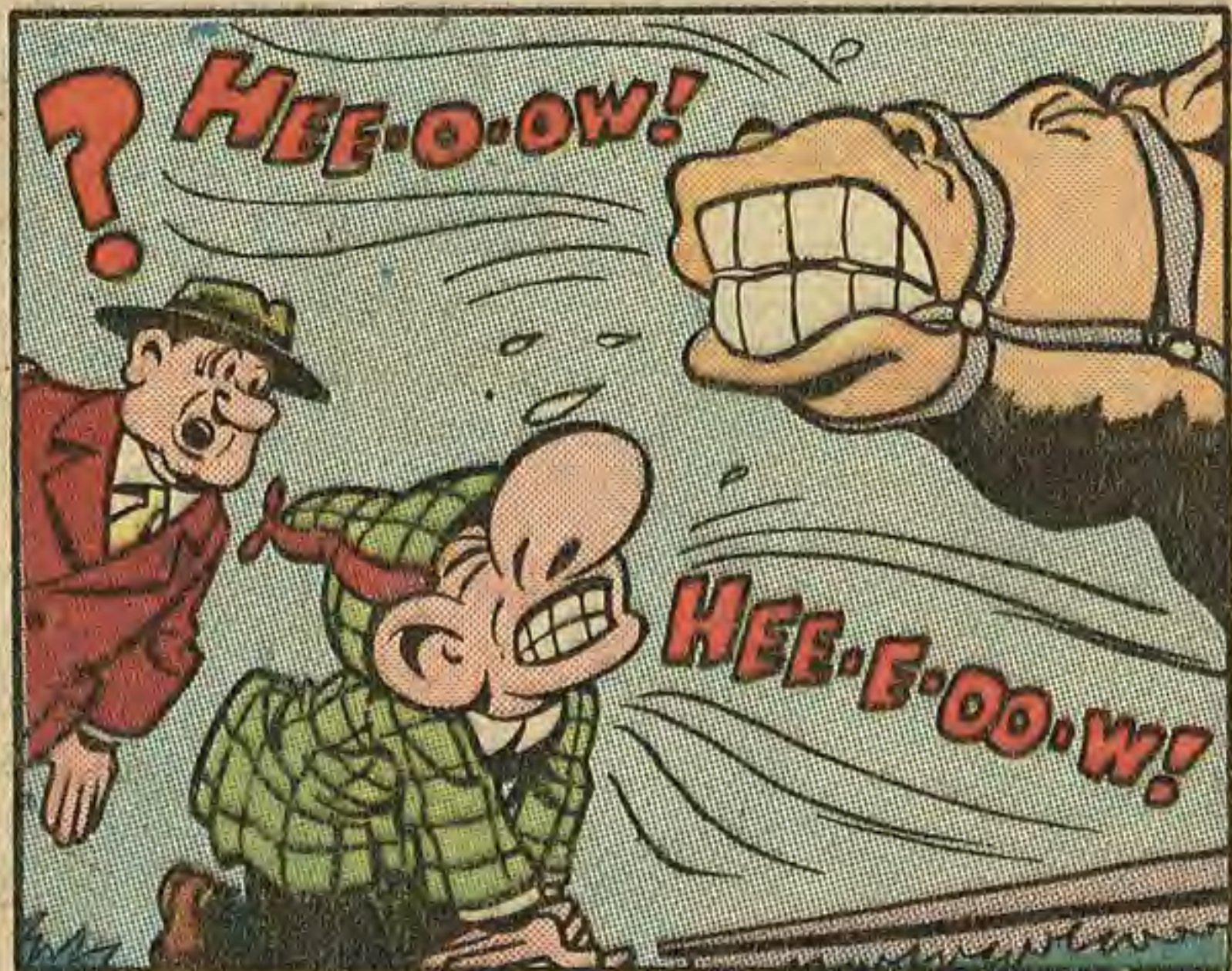
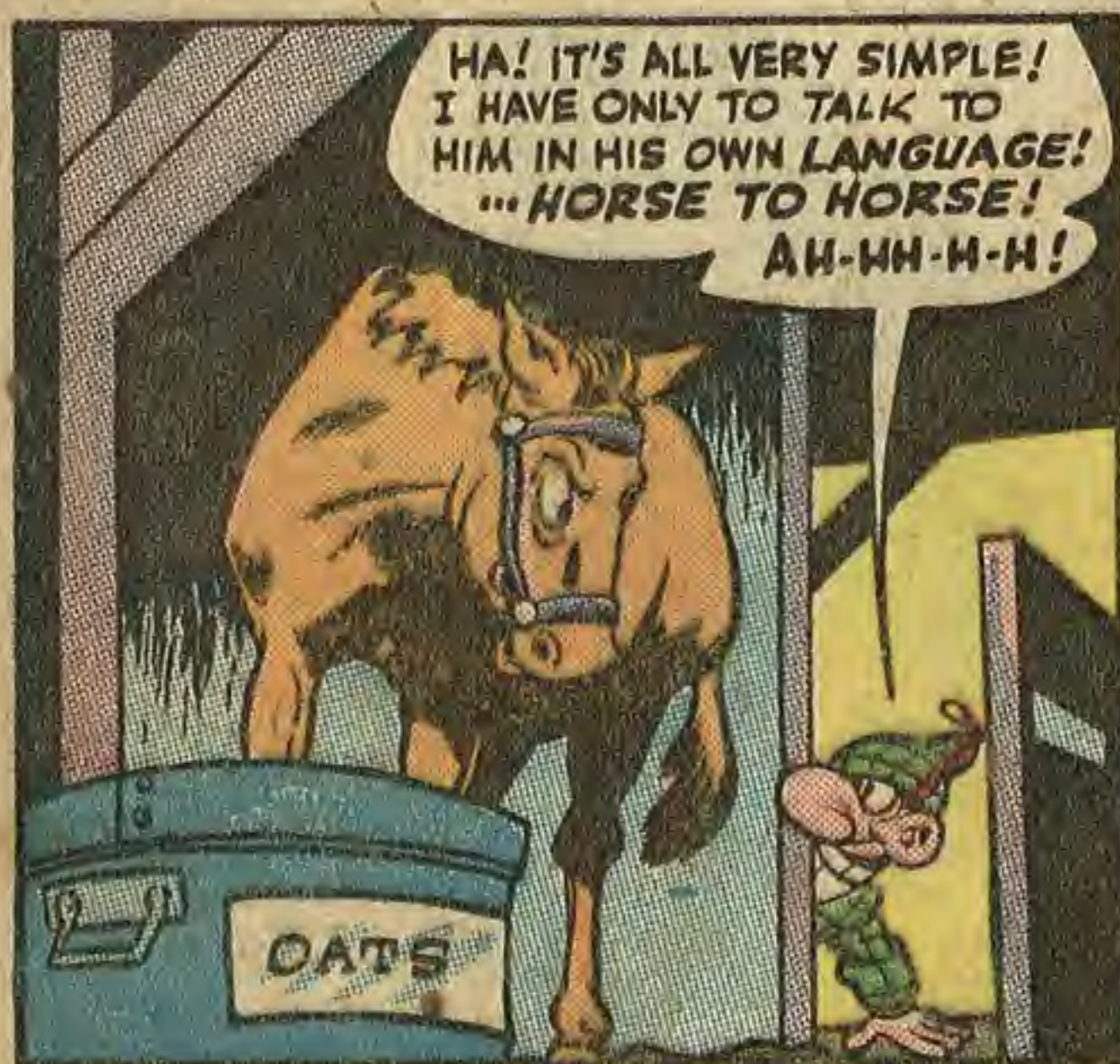
Manager says
his famous
horse throws
all riders!

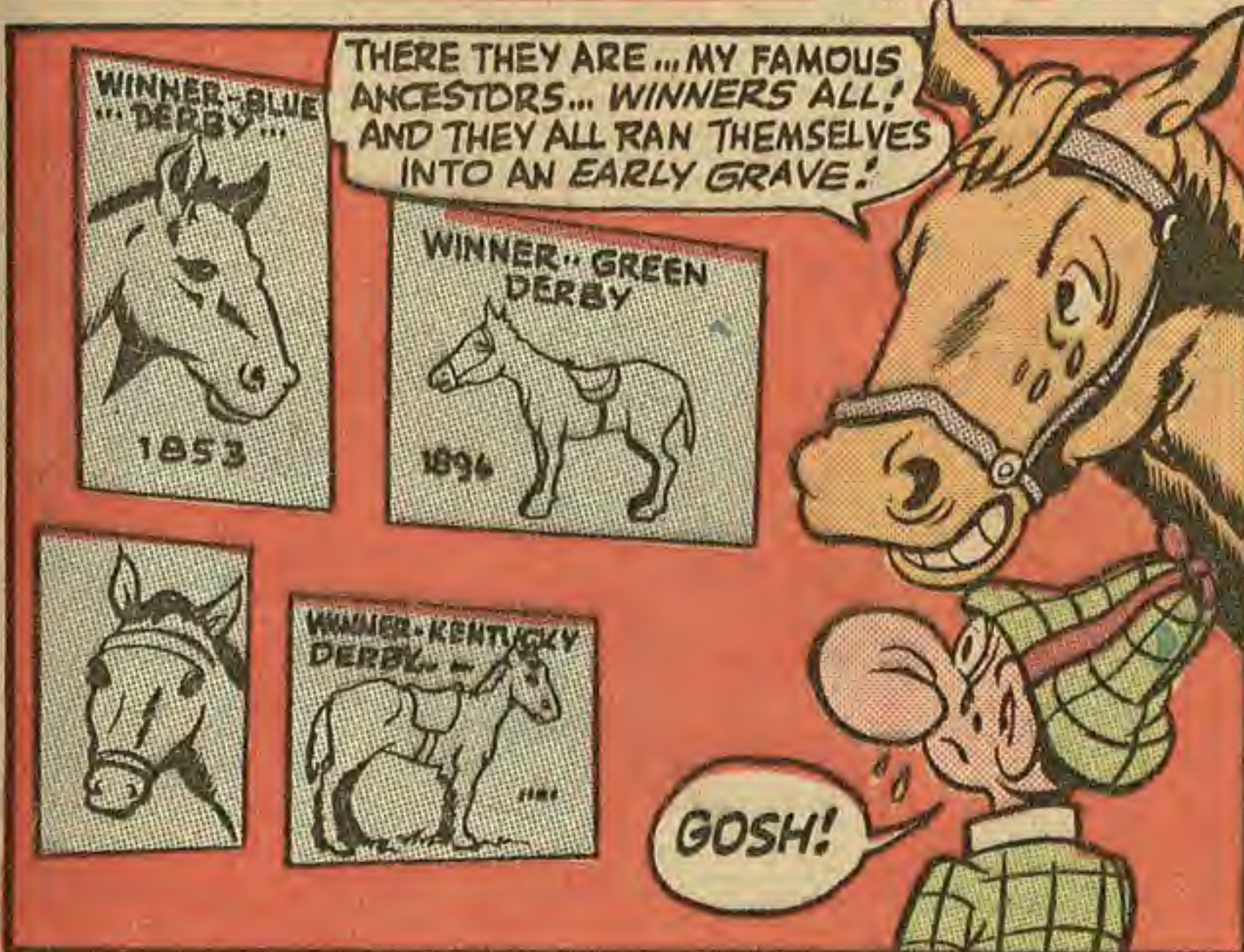


...BESIDES, I'VE GOT A
LITTLE GAMBLING BLOOD
IN ME THAT'S GOT TO
HAVE ITS FLING!



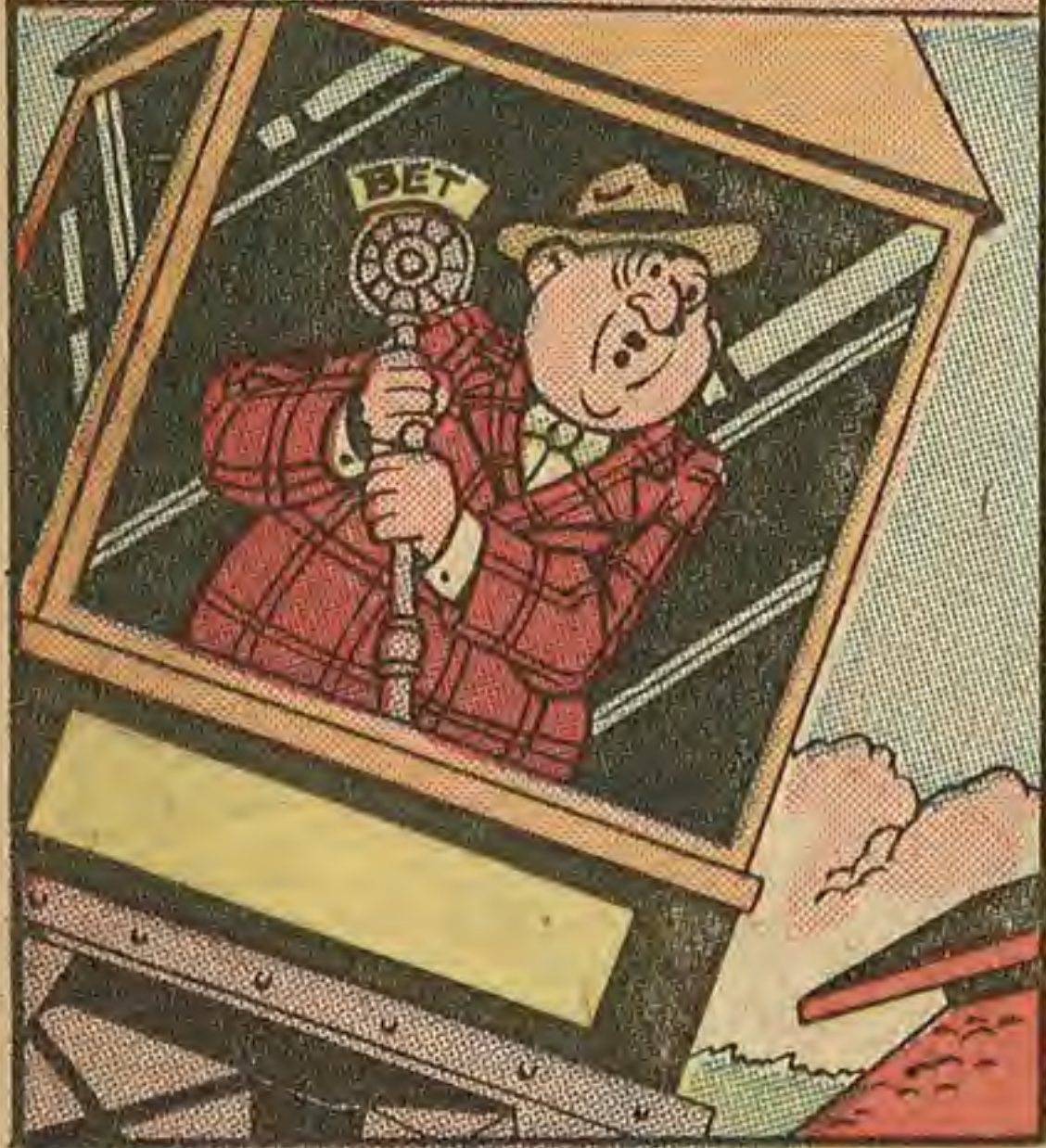






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Meanwhile... The announcer awaits the final word... will Vixen run?



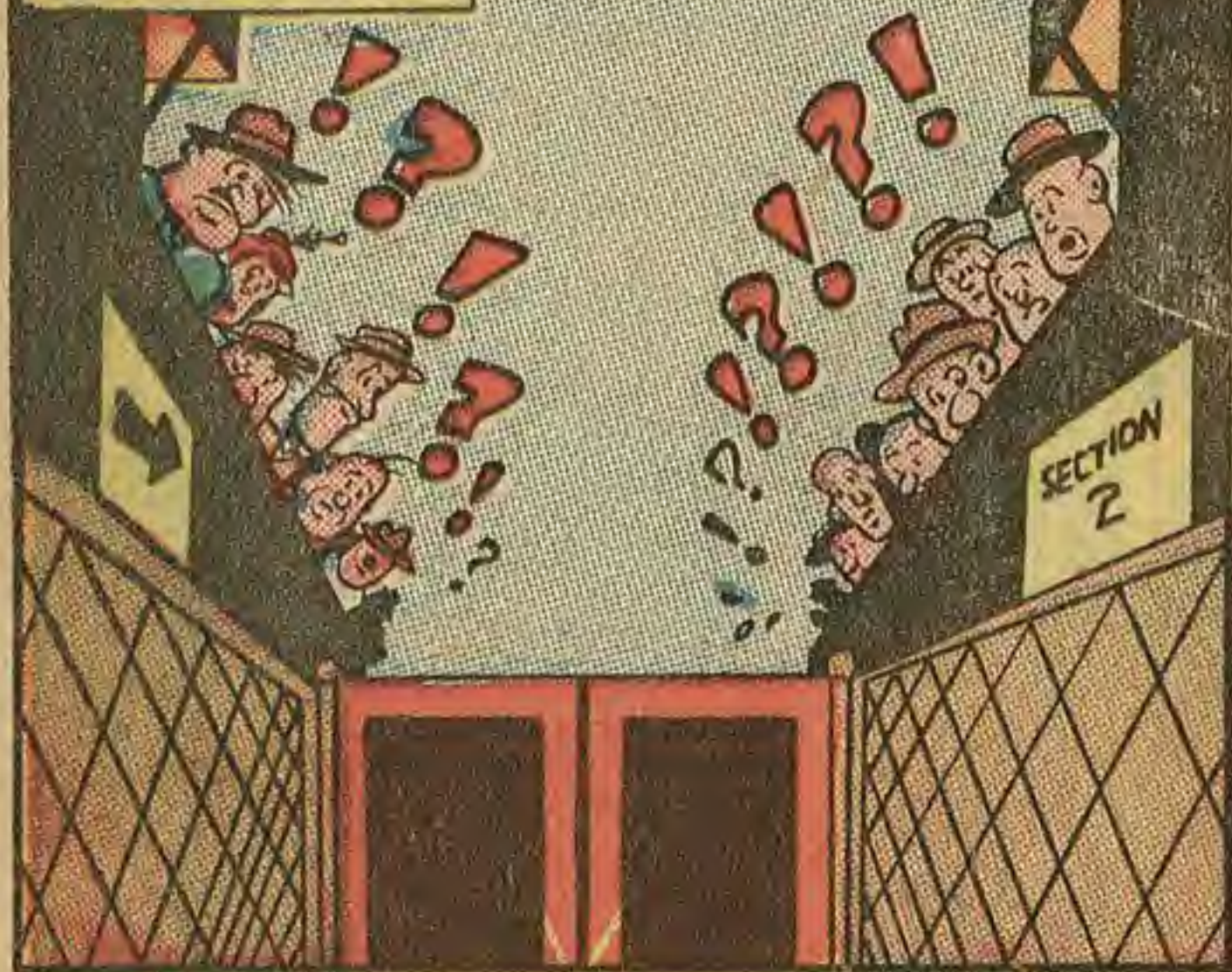
BETTING IS AT A STAND-STILL!... MONEY REMAINS SUSPENDED!



How will this vital moment affect the odds?

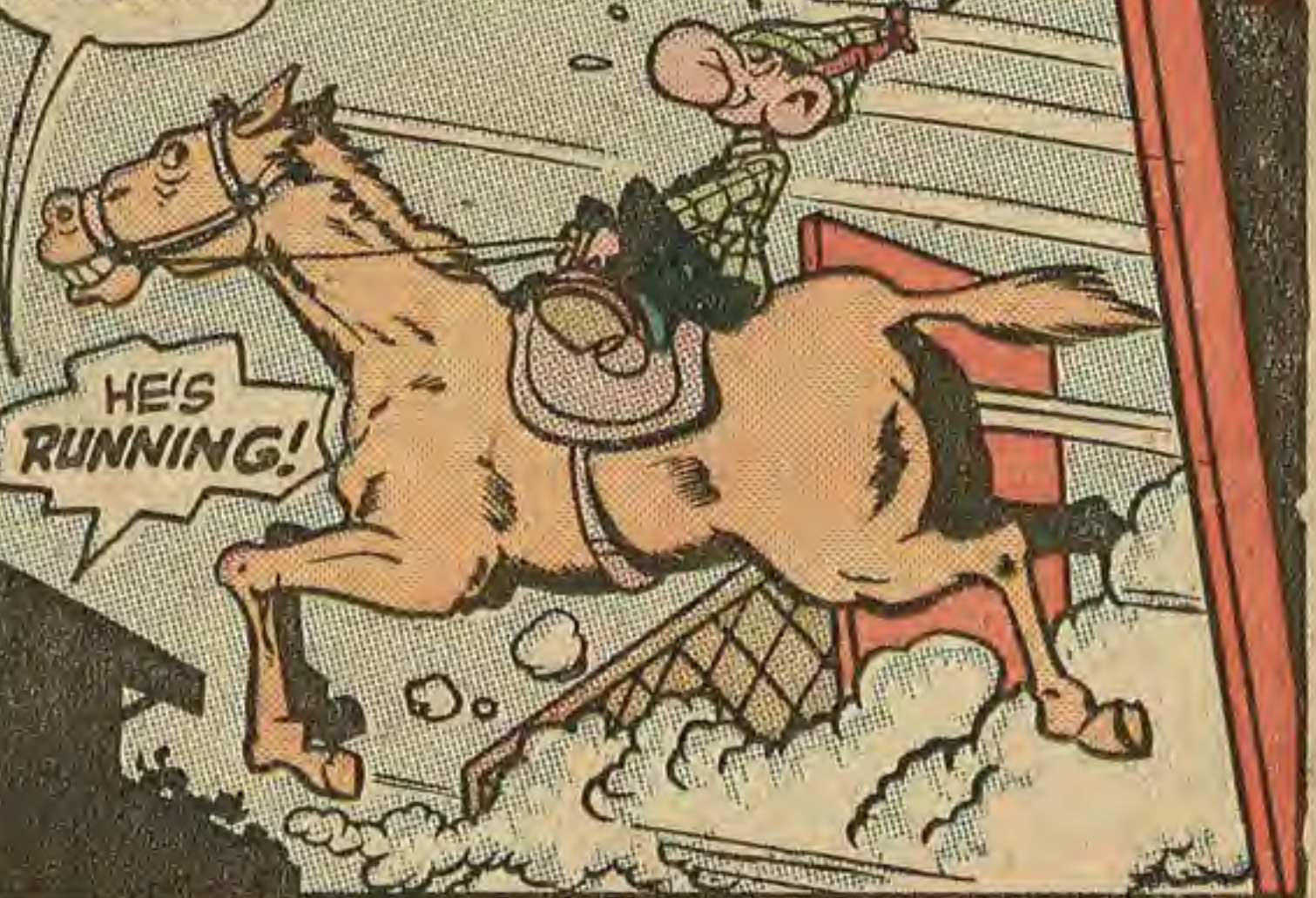


Every anxious eye is fixed on Vixen's entrance!...



HOORAY! IT'S VIXEN!

WHAT AN OVATION! NATURALLY THESE GOOD PEOPLE ARE FAMILIAR WITH FLATFOOT BURNS!



ONE MOMENT, MR. BURNS! AS PER OUR AGREEMENT, YOU'D BETTER INFORM MY MANAGER OF THE NEW STAKES BEFORE THE RACE!

OKAY, VIX!

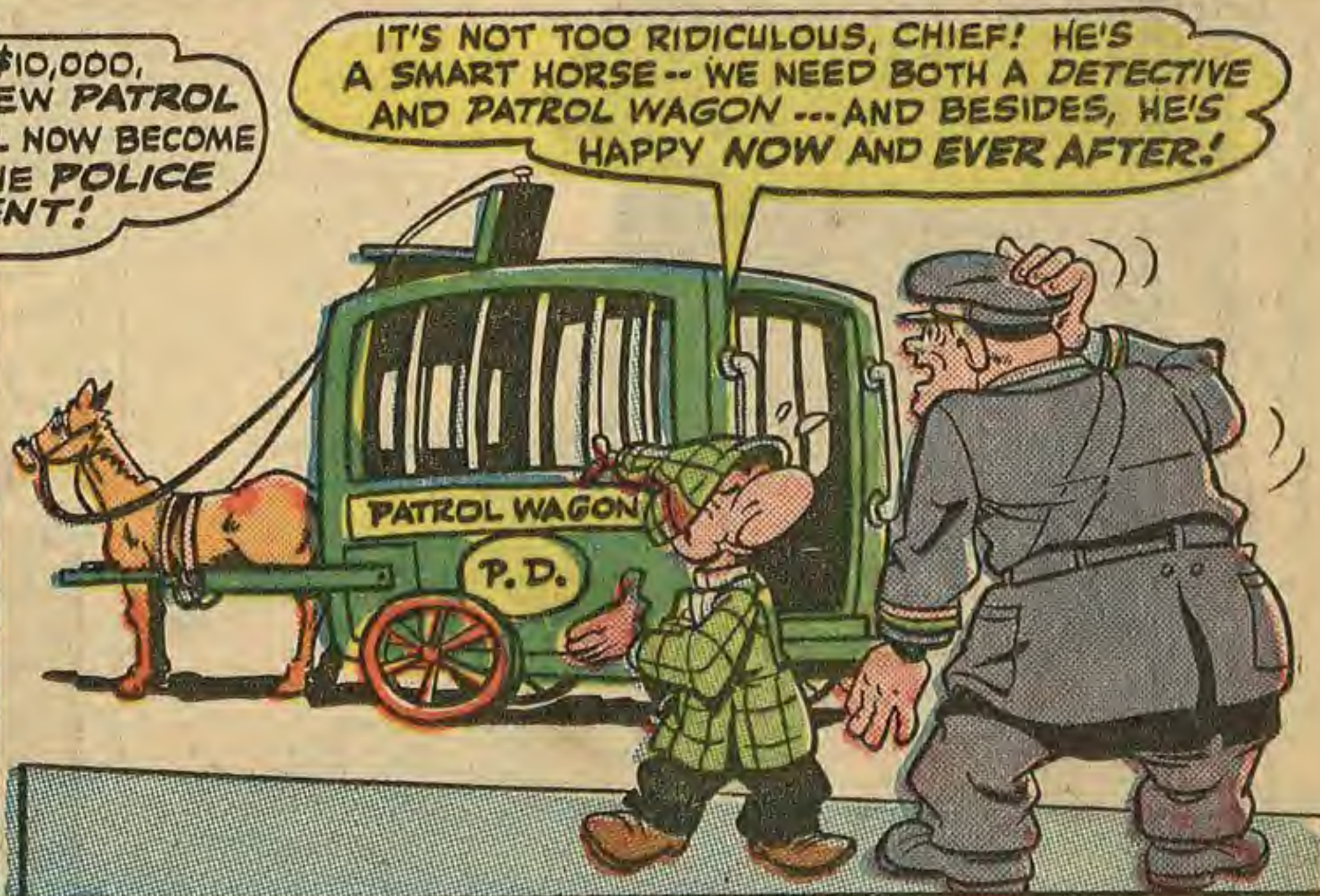
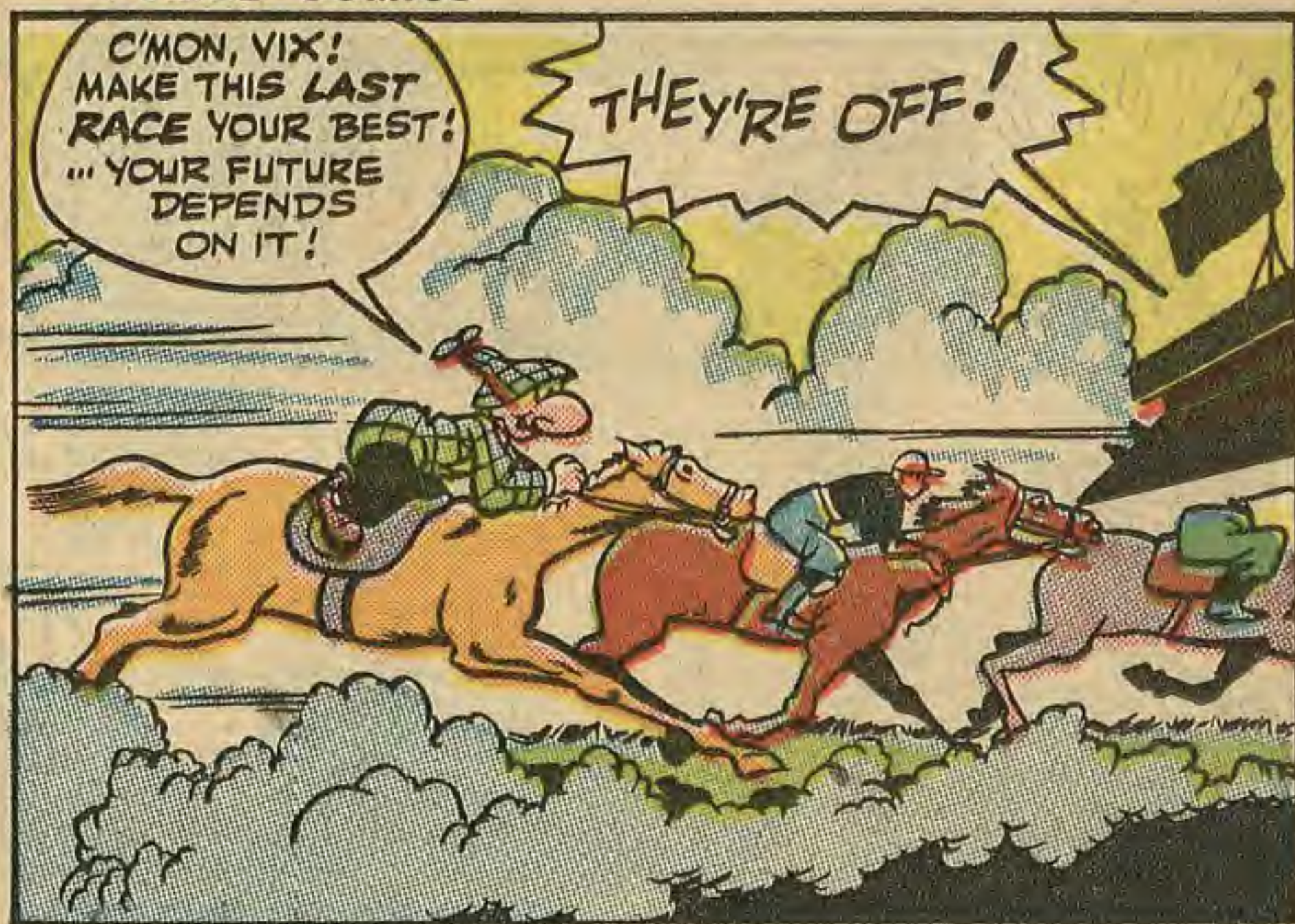


CALL IT **BLACKMAIL** IF YOU MUST, BUB, BUT HE WON'T RUN UNLESS YOU CHANGE THE \$10,000 PURSE TO SOMETHING ELSE!

HUH? ... HMMMMF! YOU GOT ME CORNERED! I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!



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THE HUMAN BOMB

by Paul Gustavson

They're at it again--the most high-powered exploding combination in existence... Roy Lincoln--*The Human Bomb*--with enough explosive power in his hands to be a block-buster...and Throckmorton, his pal, with the same power in his **feet!**

SNIFF!
I'M NO GOOD!
I'M JINXED!...
EVERYWHERE I GO,
SOMETHING AWFUL
HAPPENS--ESPECIALLY
TO TAXI-CABS!

Throckmorton is on his way to deliver some important papers to Roy Lincoln--but that's as far as he's able to get....

OH,
HEAVENS!
IT'S
HAPPENED
AGAIN!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!

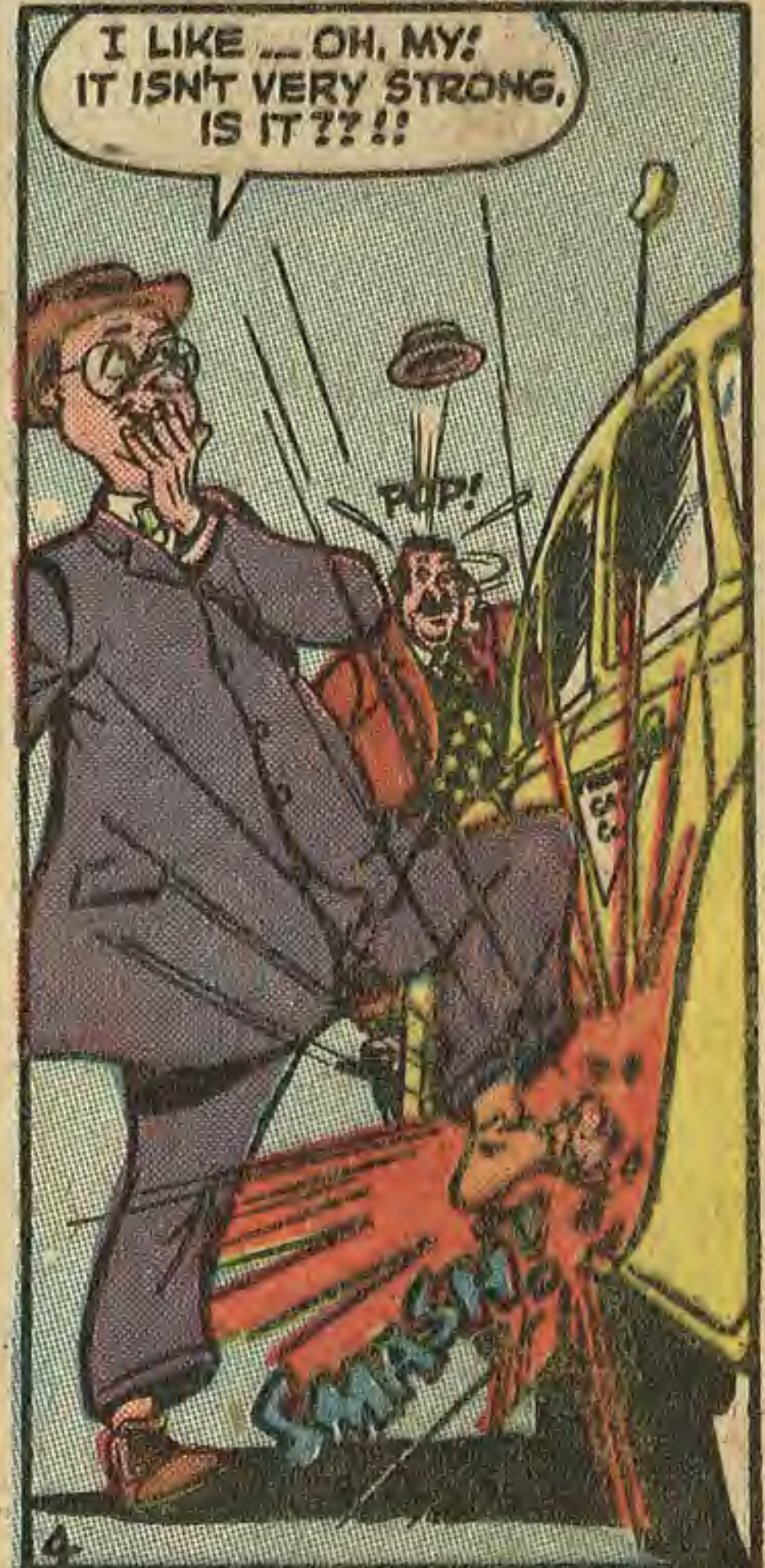
SORRY, BUD!
I'LL CALL THE
INSURANCE
COMPANY
RIGHT AWAY
AND THEY'LL
TAKE CARE
OF EVERY-
THING!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT
DOES ME NOW! PARTS
FOR TAXI-CABS ARE AS
SCARCE AS HENS' TEETH
IN THIS TOWN! ONCE
THEY'RE CRACKED UP
NOW, YOU JUST
CAN'T FIX 'EM!





POLICE COMICS



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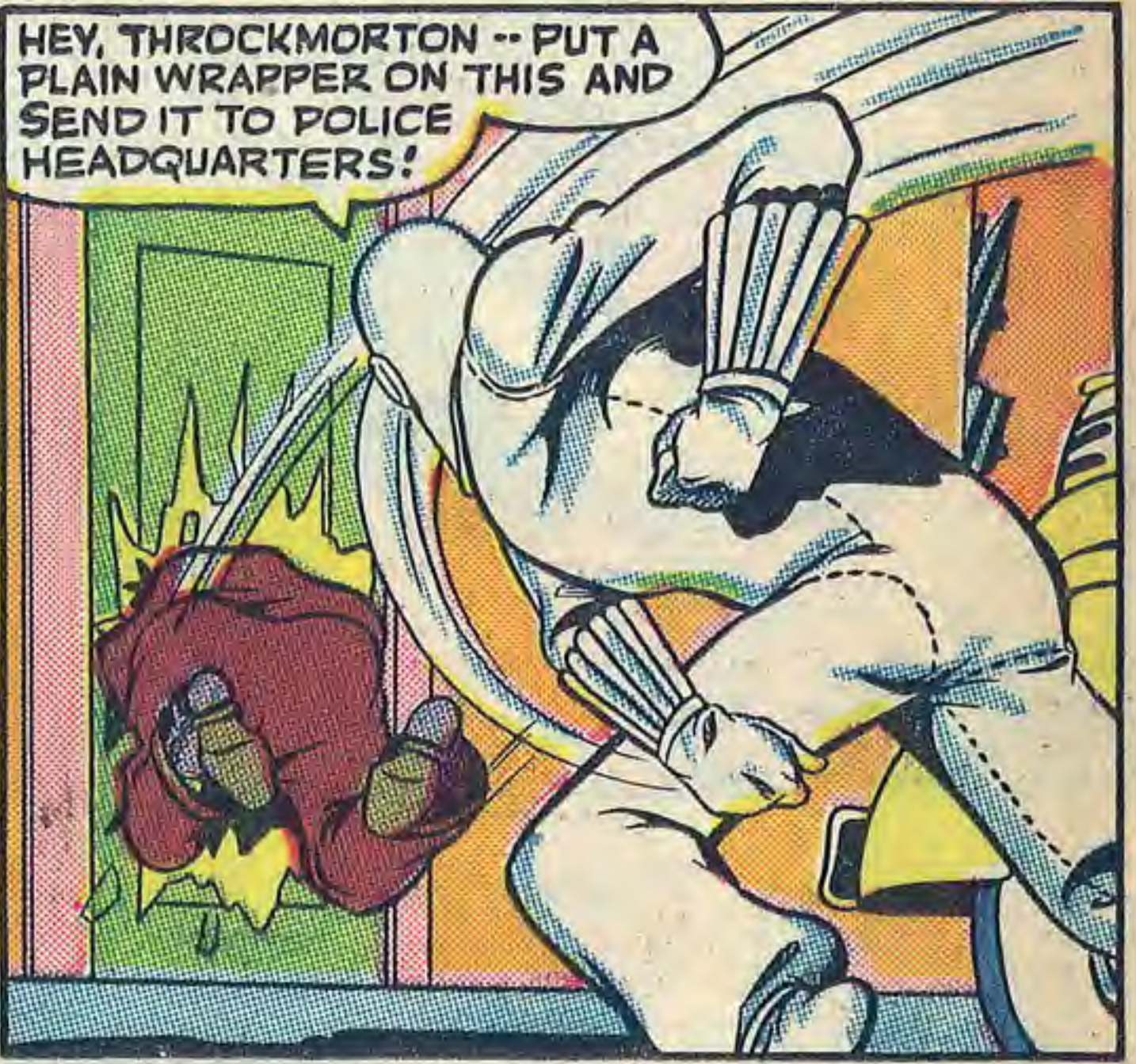


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TOO BAD YOUR
RACKET IS SORT OF
--BLOWING UP!



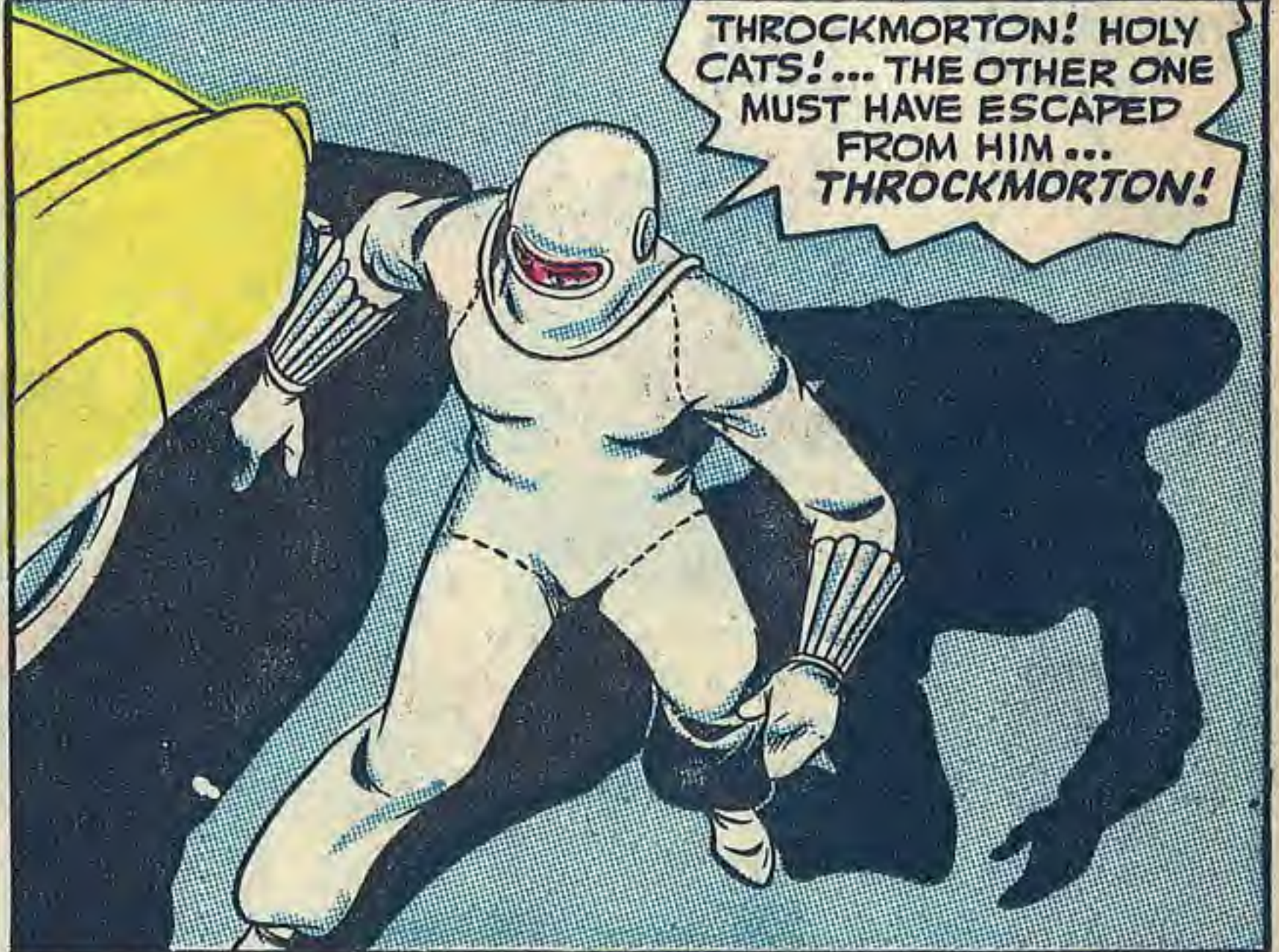
HEY, THROCKMORTON -- PUT A
PLAIN WRAPPER ON THIS AND
SEND IT TO POLICE
HEADQUARTERS!



THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE
HERE TO PUT THESE
GUYS BEHIND BARS
FOR LIFE--AND
THEN SOME!



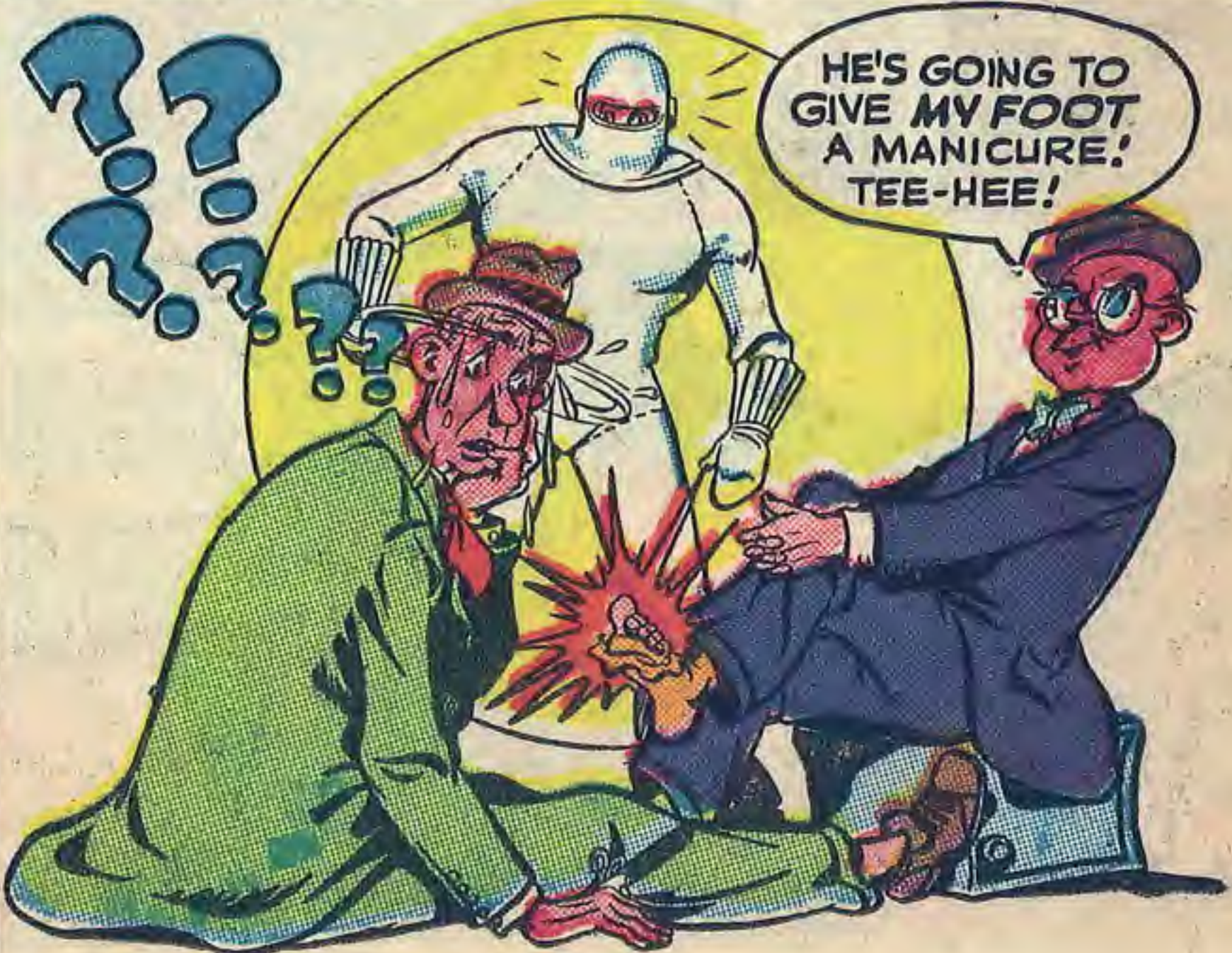
THROCKMORTON! HOLY
CATS!... THE OTHER ONE
MUST HAVE ESCAPED
FROM HIM...
THROCKMORTON!



I'M OVER HERE -- GETTING
BACK AT THESE SMART GUYS
FOR MAKING ME THINK
I WAS JINXED!



HE'S GOING TO
GIVE MY FOOT
A MANICURE!
TEE-HEE!

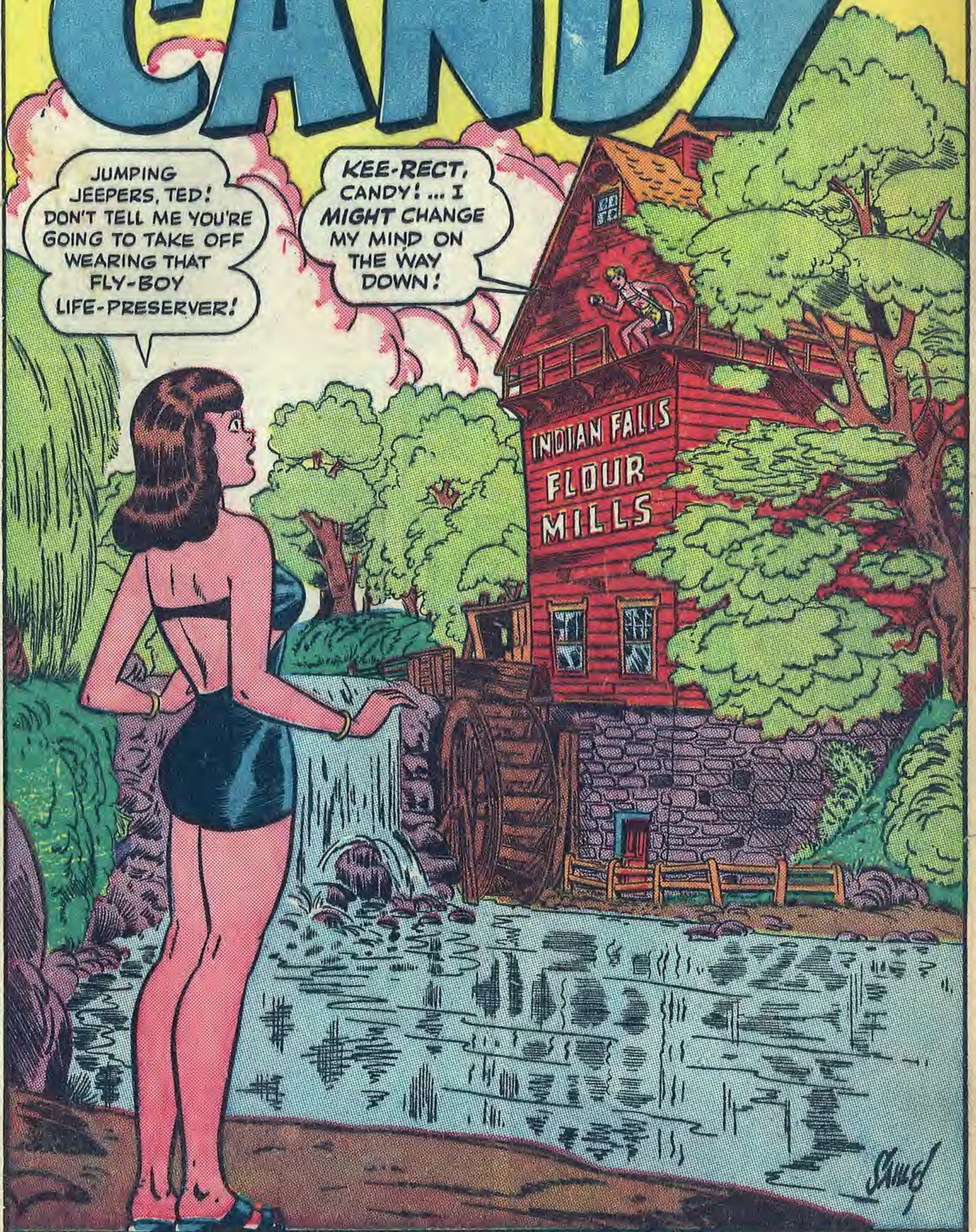


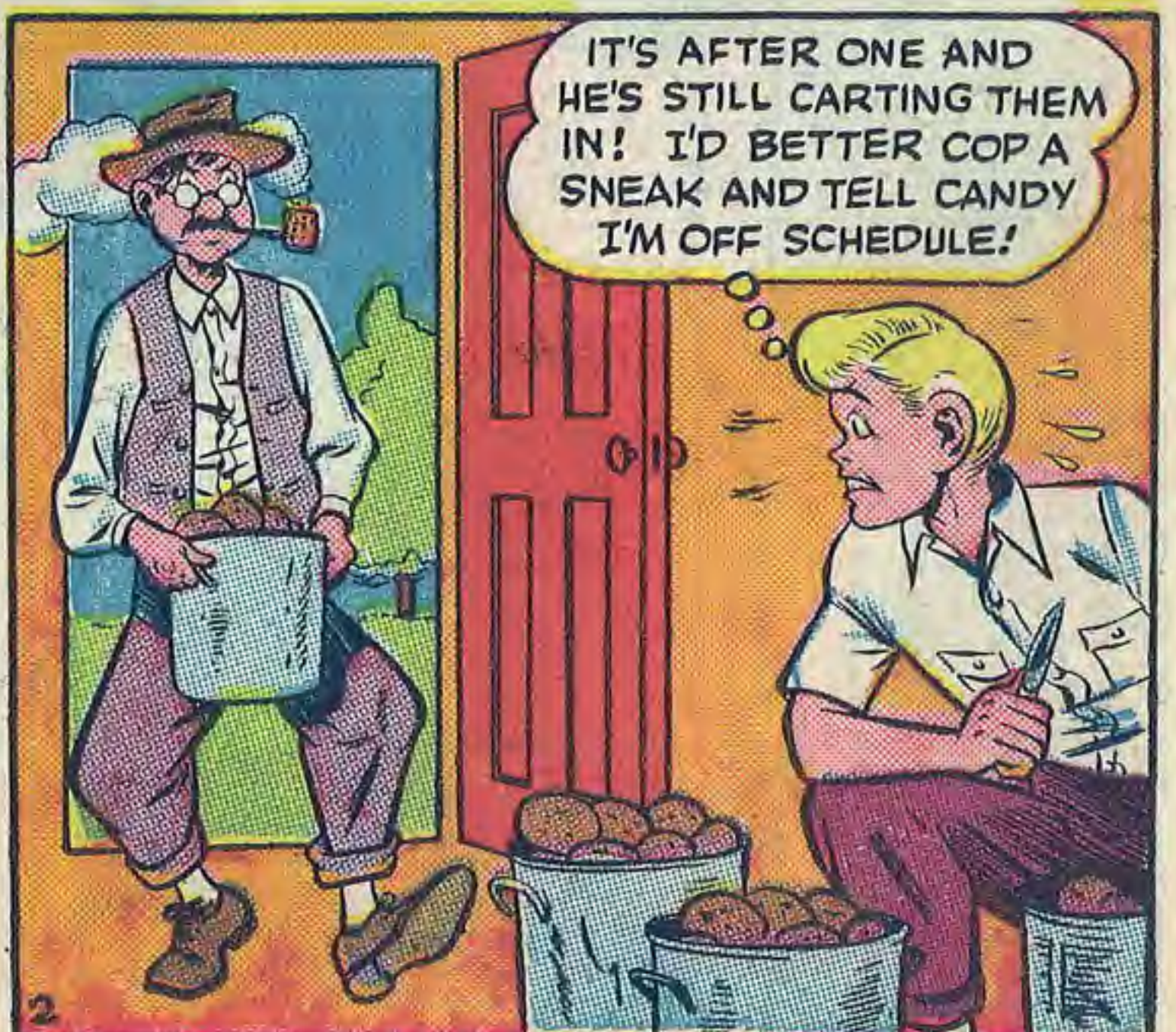
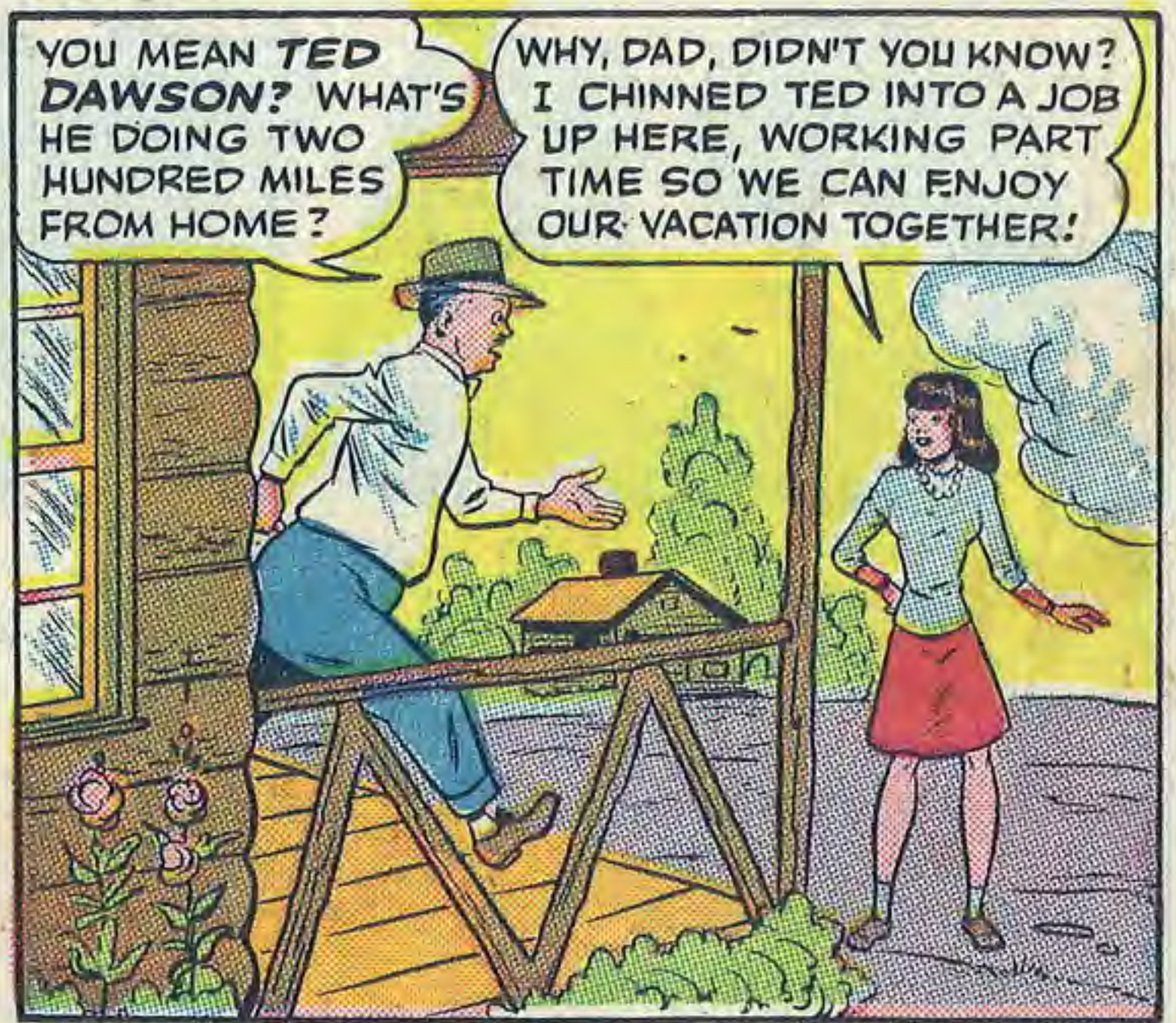


CANDY

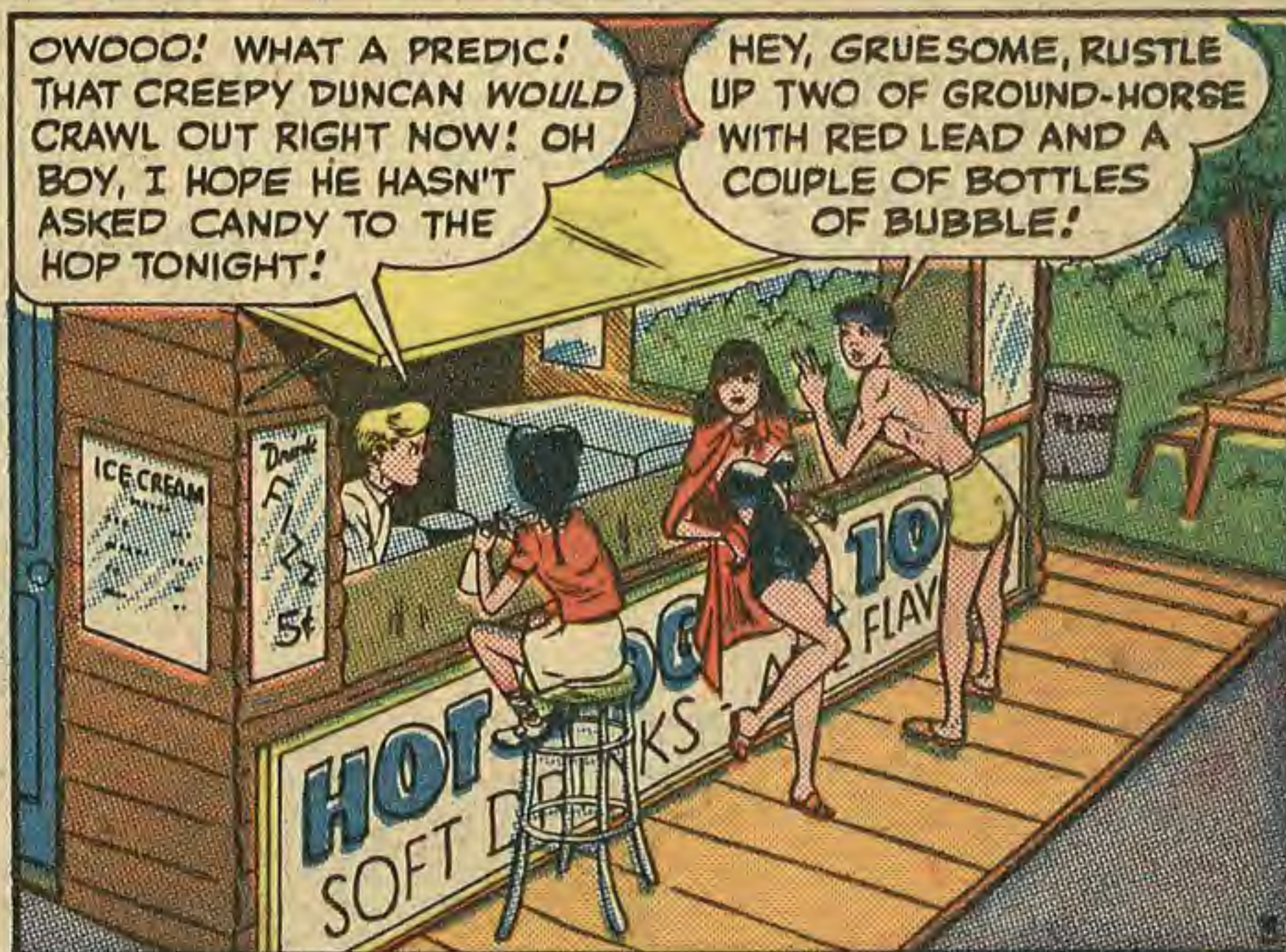
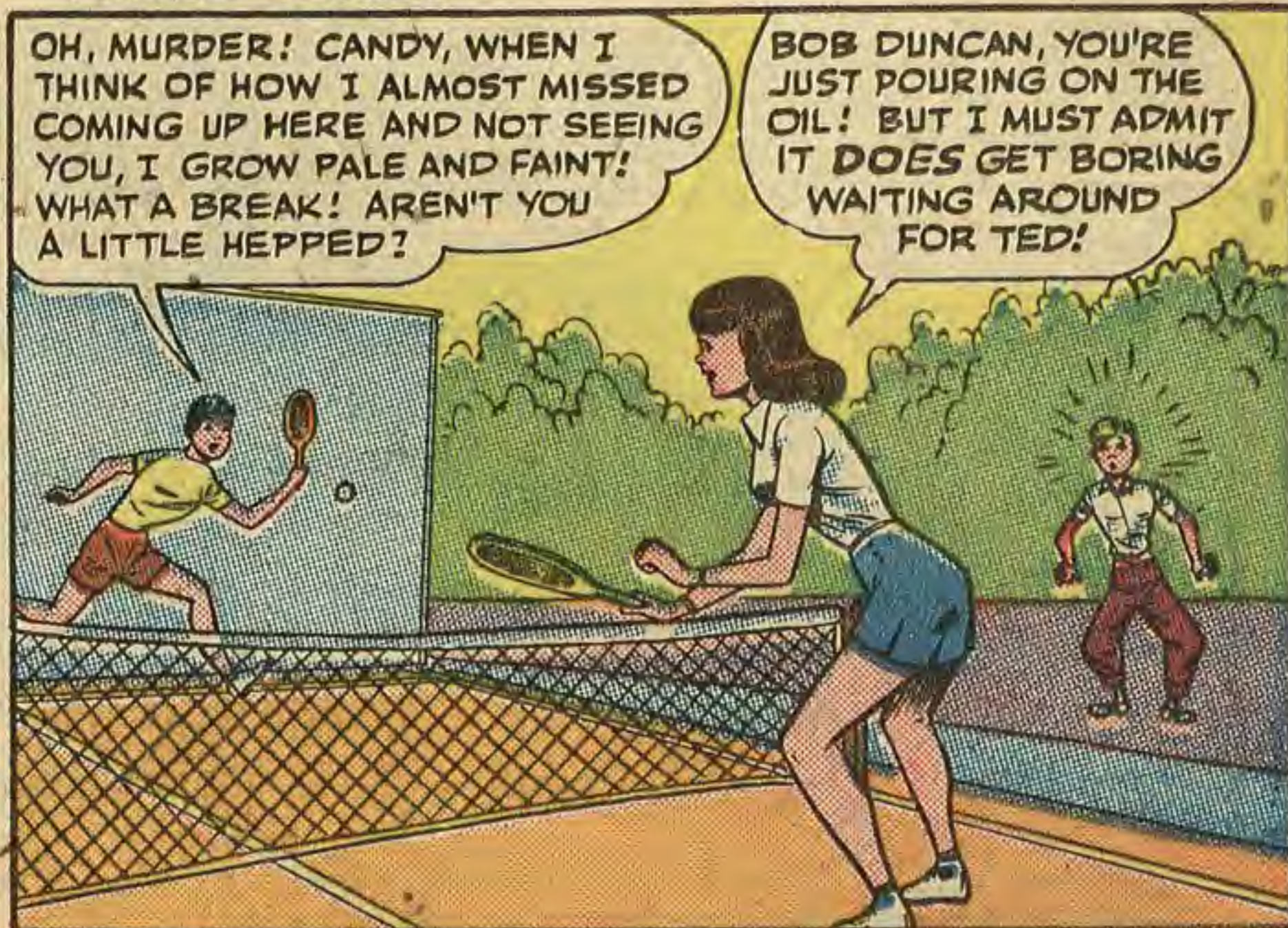
JUMPING
JEEPERS, TED!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE
GOING TO TAKE OFF
WEARING THAT
FLY-BOY
LIFE-PRESERVER!

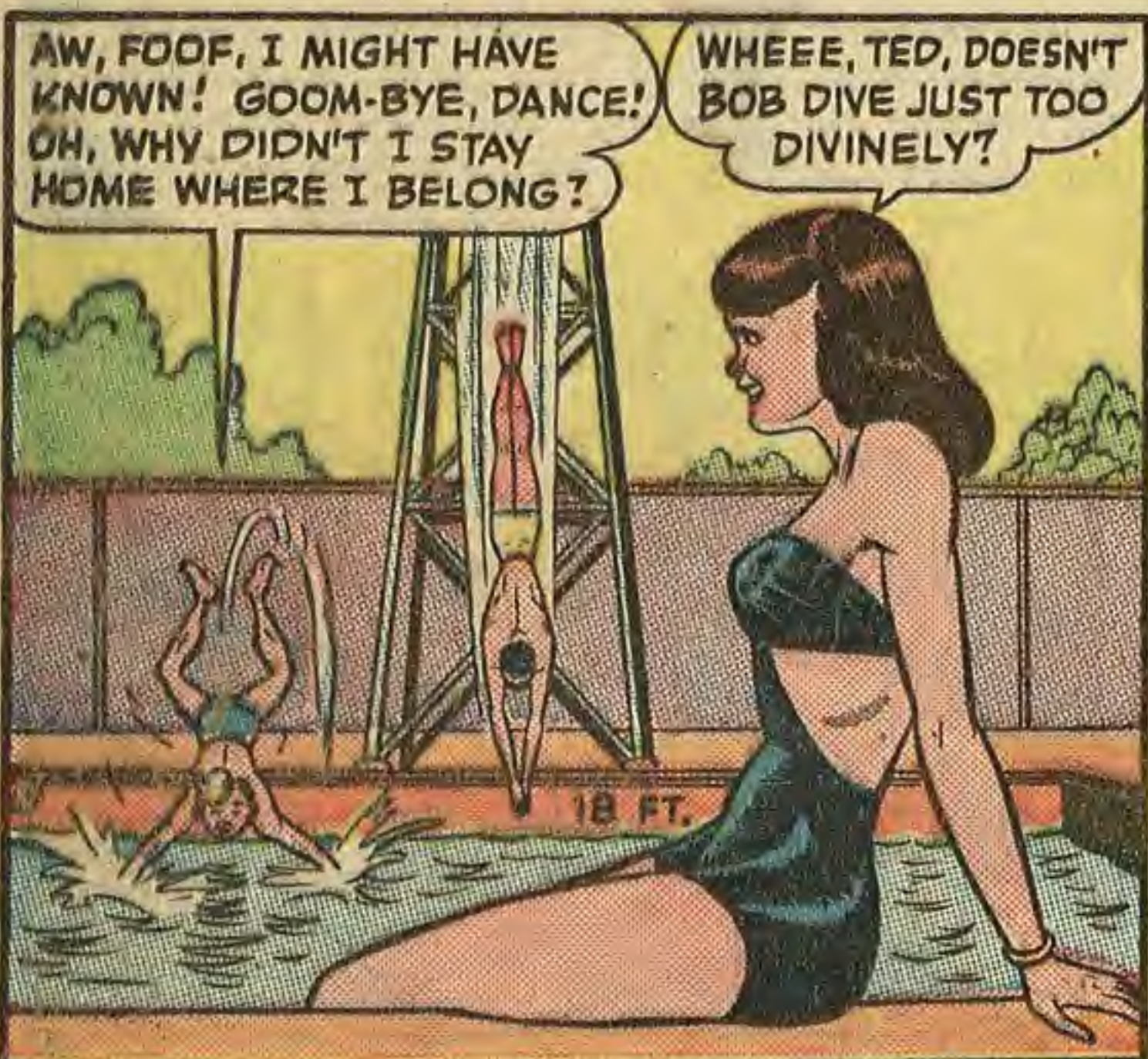
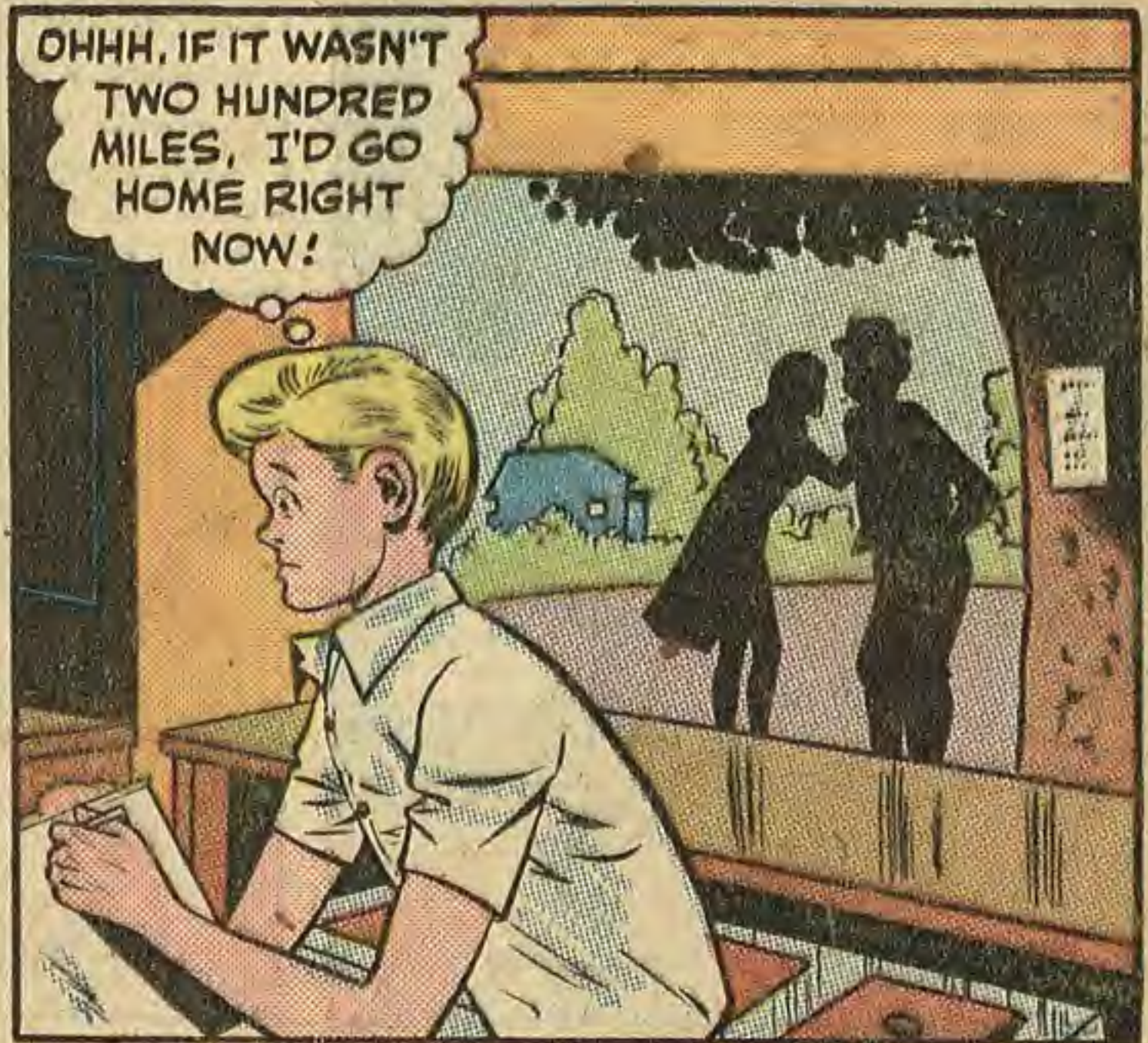
KEE-RECT,
CANDY! ... I
MIGHT CHANGE
MY MIND ON
THE WAY
DOWN!

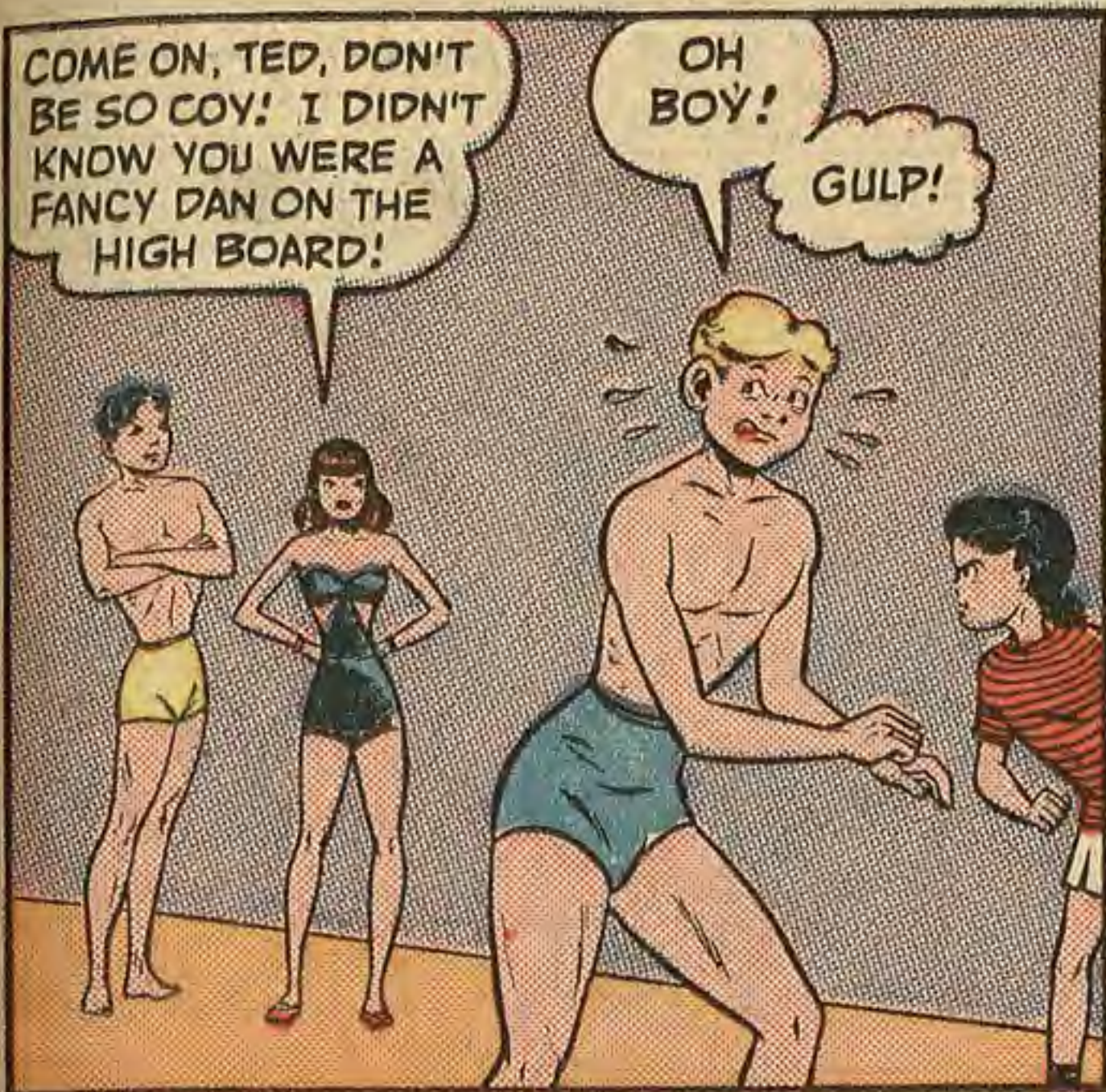


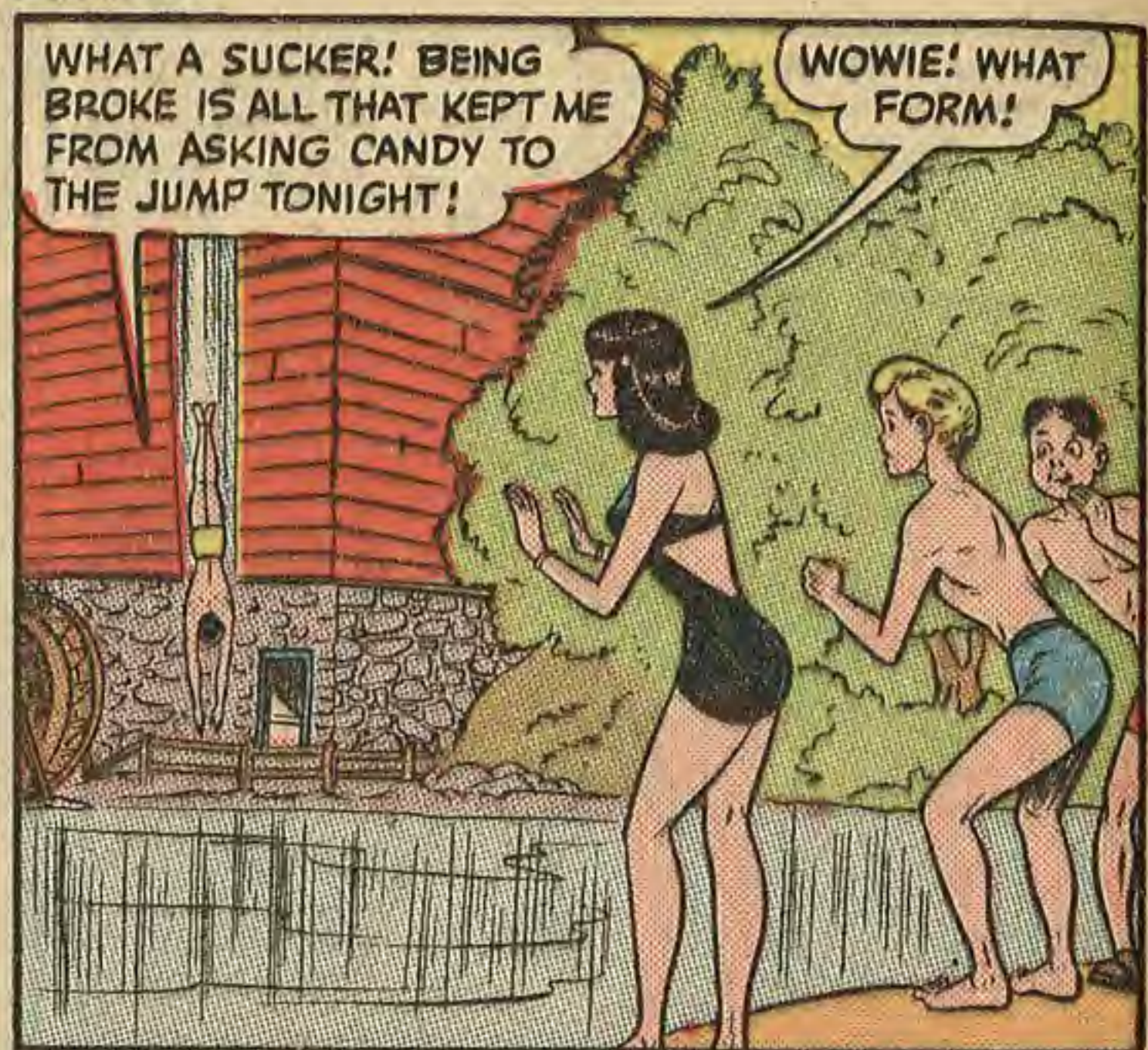
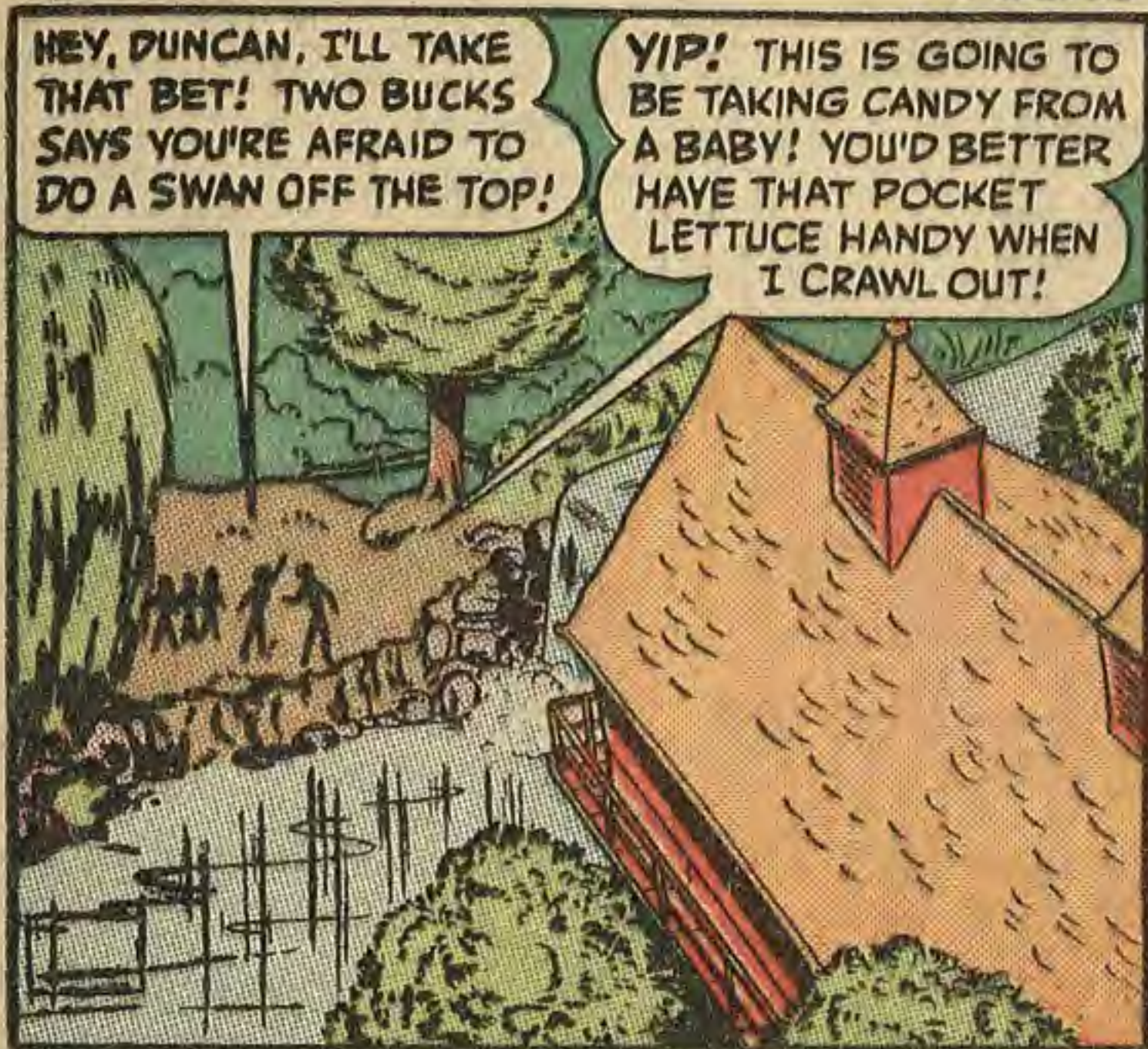


POLICE COMICS.











MANHUNTER



There is nothing deader than a department store section in the wee hours just before the dawn! At least so thought Dan Richards, alias *Manhunter*! But events were to prove him wrong in the case of *The Tailor's Dummy*!

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[illegible]

Meanwhile on
the fifth floor...

HEY, ALGERNON!
7 VISITORS!

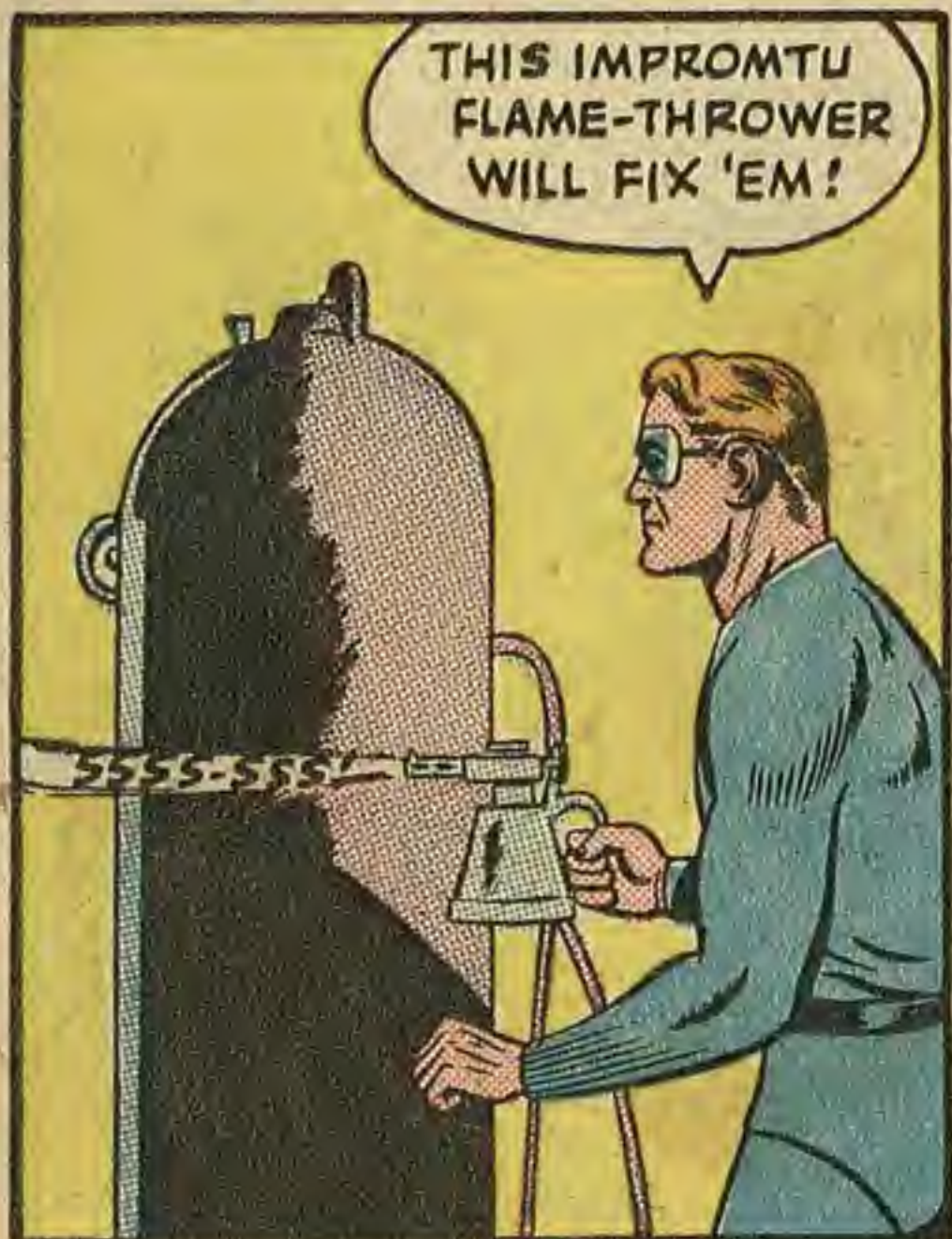
#\$%&'()*+,-./:;!
AND JUST WHEN
THE TORCH WAS
BEGINNING
TO BITE!

TOY 
DEPARTMENT

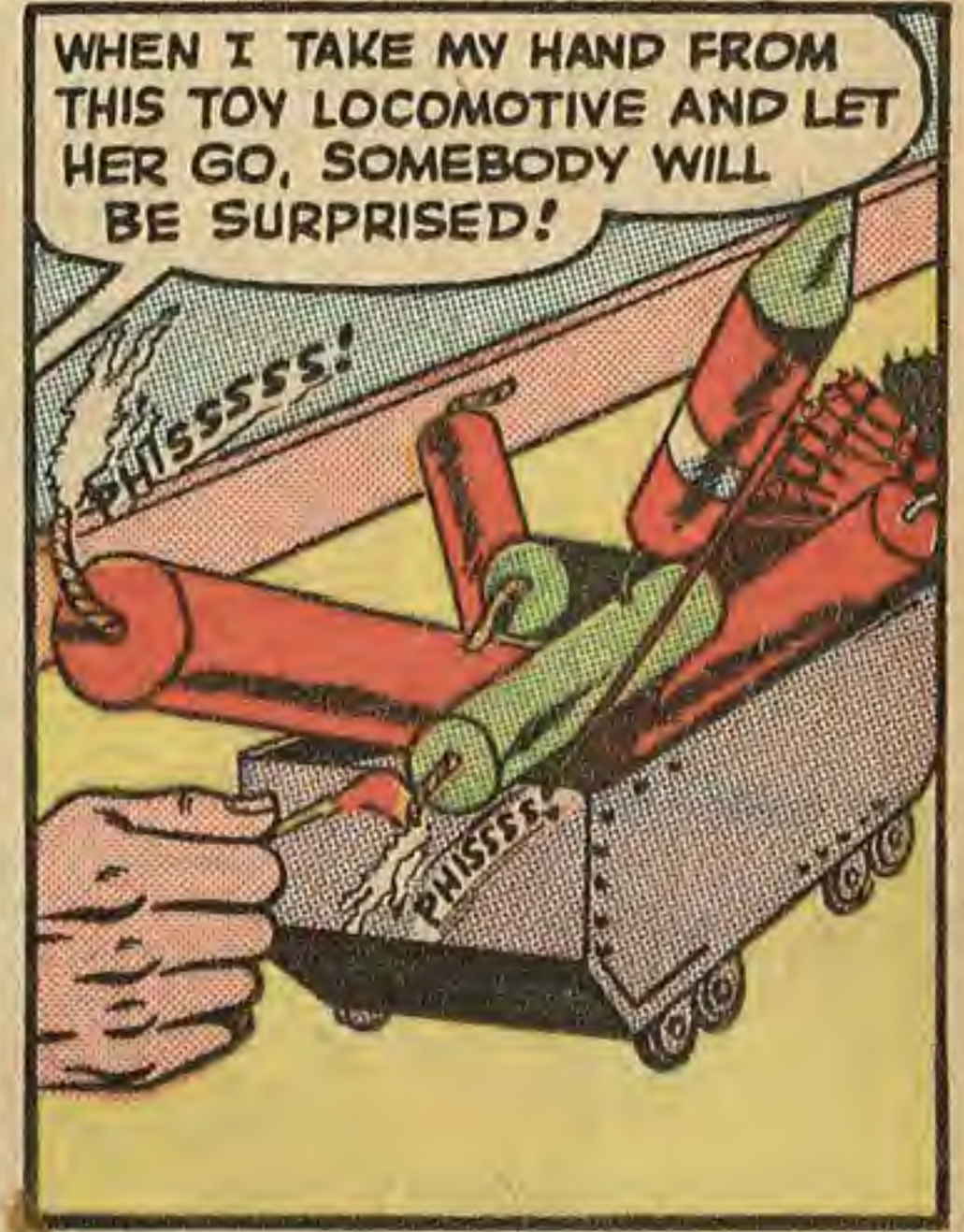
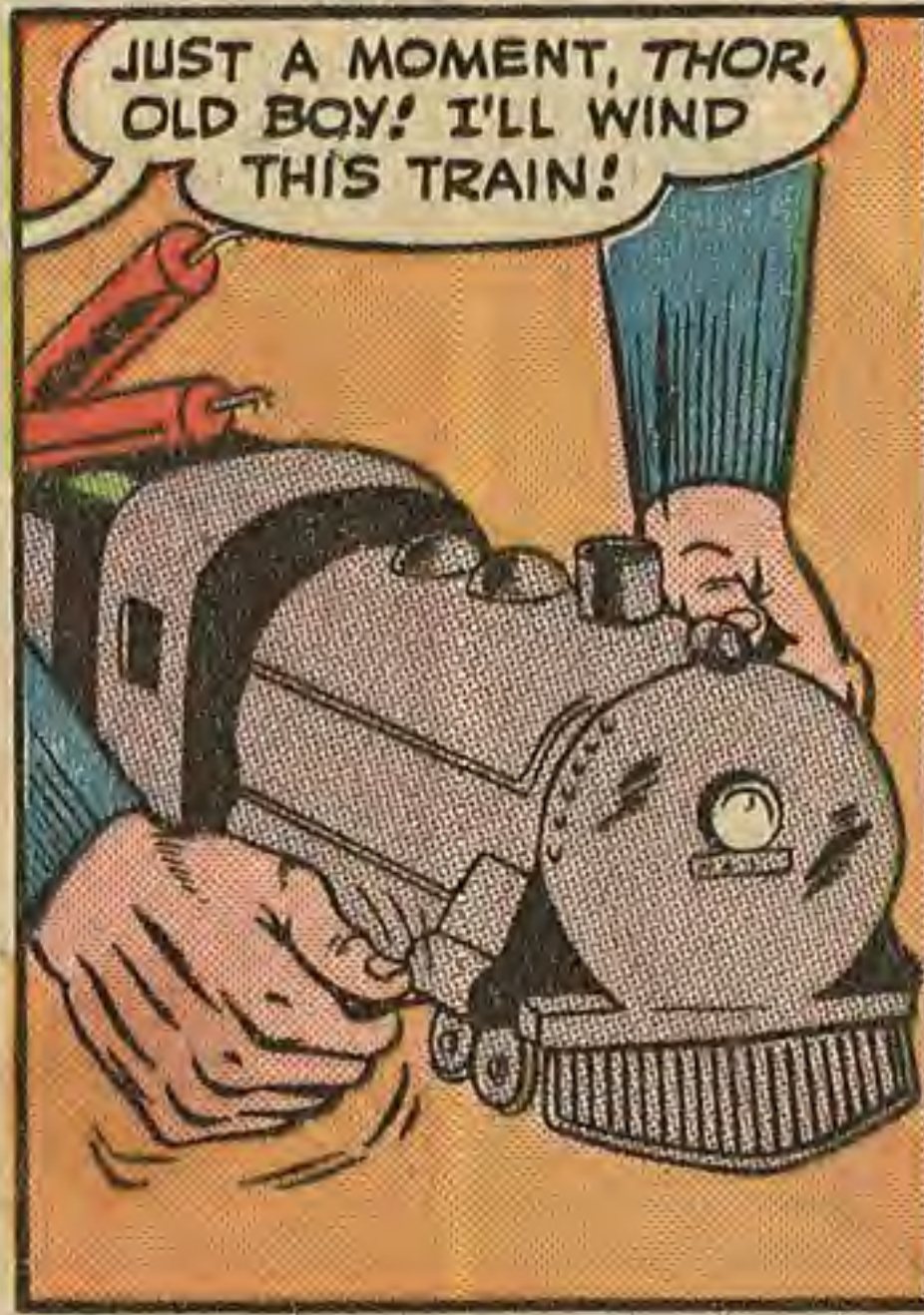
LOOKS LIKE THE
JAILBIRDS HAVE
FLOWN!... BUT
NOT FAR!

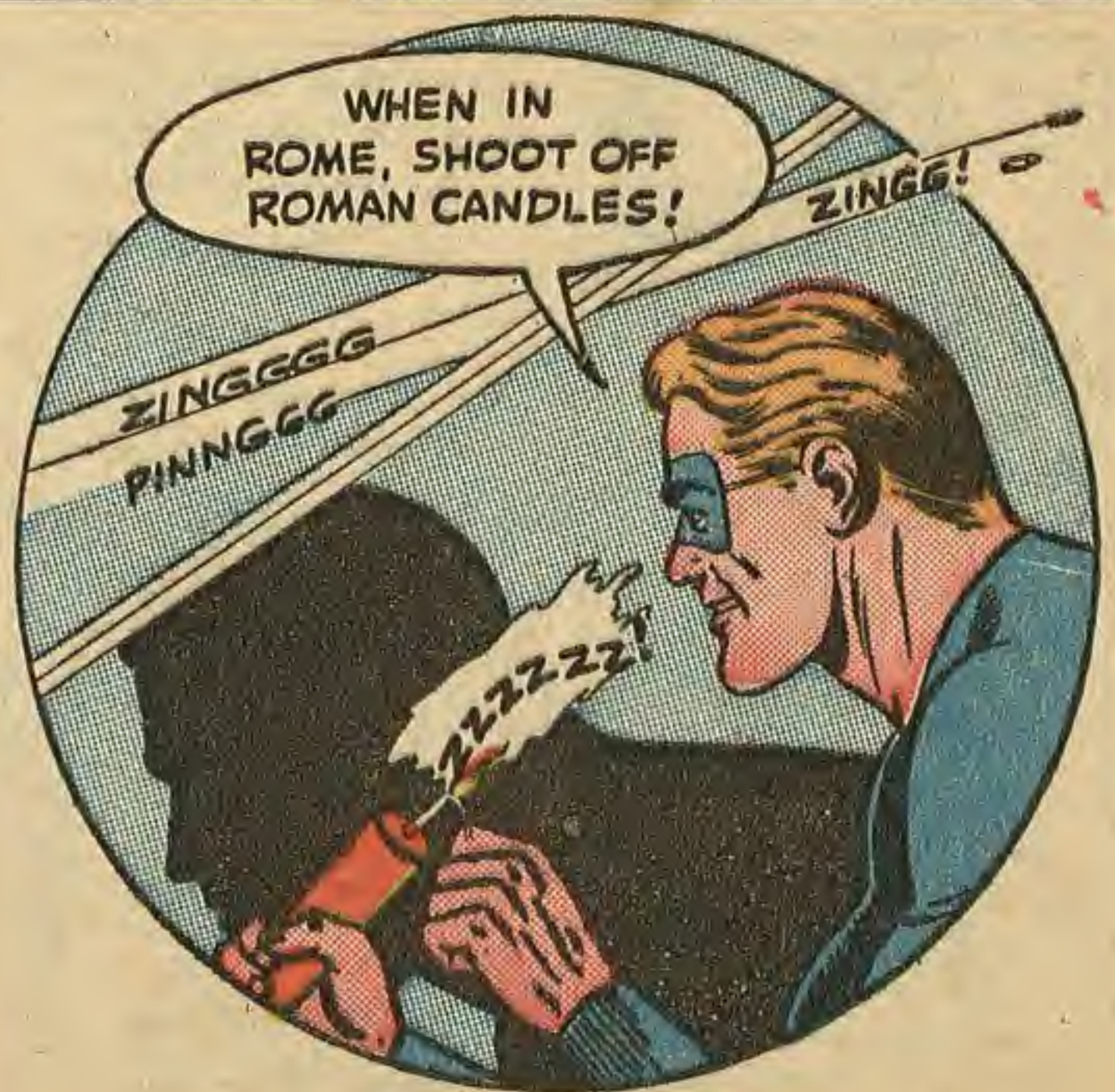
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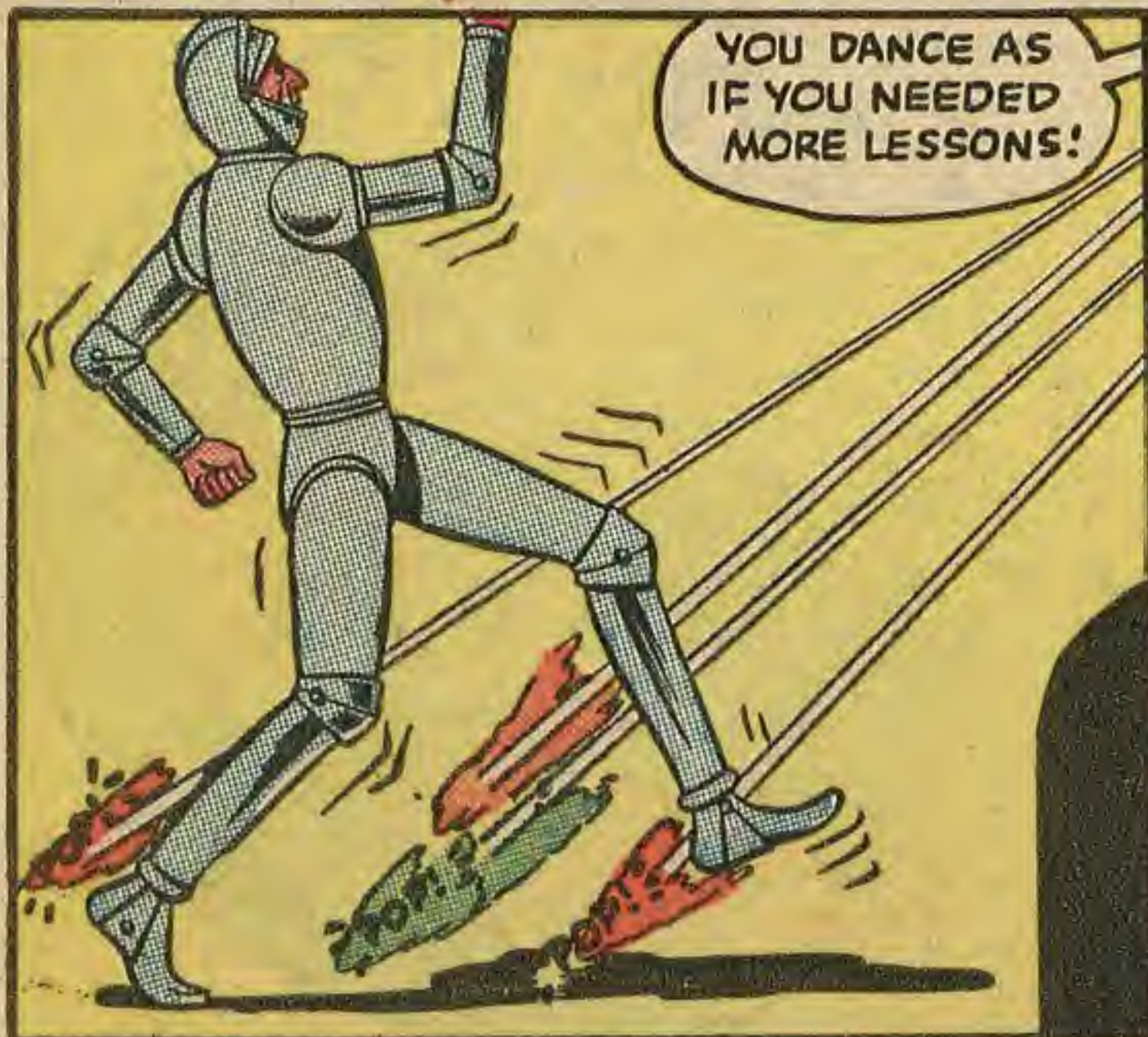
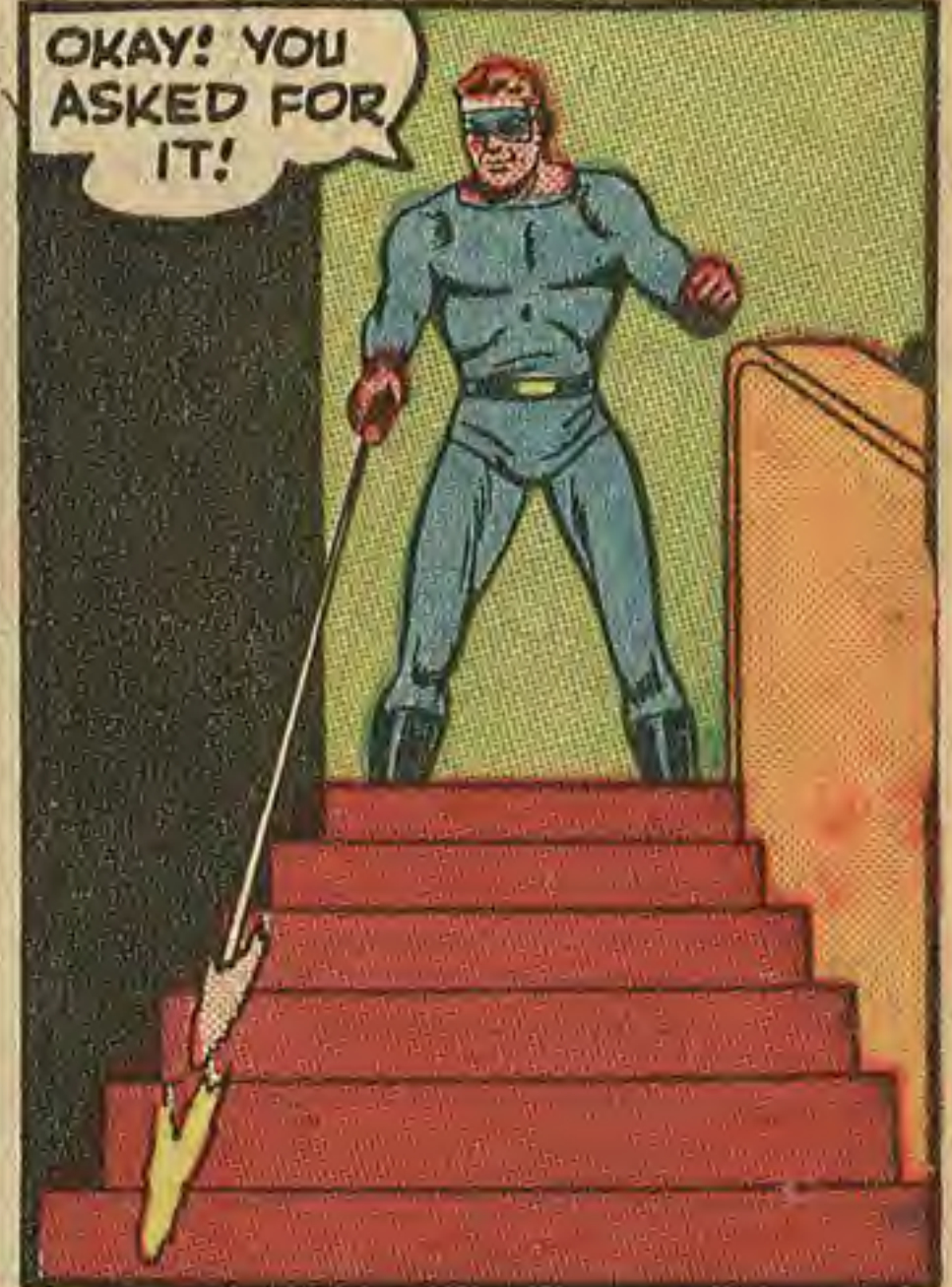
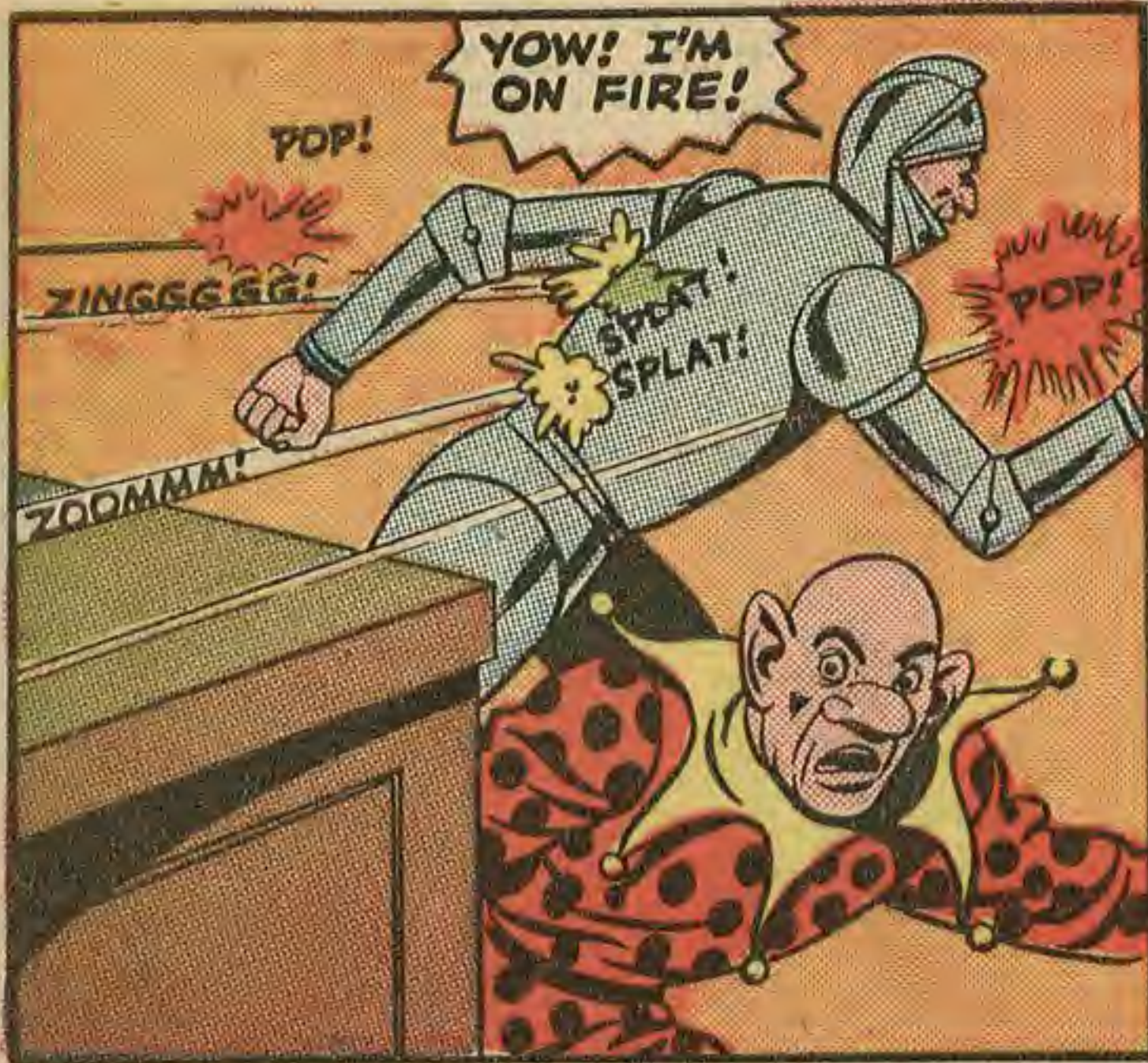














LEGIONNAIRE

THE French Foreign Legion has long been pictured on screen and in stories as a military unit recruited from the gutters of Europe, America and every country in the world.

This conception is deliberate propaganda, largely German-inspired, to a lesser degree English, based on the published stories of German and English deserters from the Legion. For years posters in German border towns warned of the hardships and supposed bestiality of the Legion. In the course of the Riff rebellion in 1925, where the French saved the Spanish garrisons of Morocco from utter rout, the British House of Commons in a 3-day session demanded from the League of Nations the dissolution of the Foreign Legion because three sons of Britishers, voluntarily serving with the Legion, had been killed by Abdel-Krim's tribesmen.

For a full year, Dick Mace served as a Lieutenant in the Legion. His findings are most interesting.

From more than 30 nationalities come the recruits. All orders in the Legion, written or verbal, are in French. In an established barracks, from the great centers of Fez, Marrakech and Meknes to lonely posts in the interior, there are post exchanges, libraries, canteens,

reading and writing rooms.

Propaganda stories say nothing of the recreational centers—near Oran and Rabat, where the Legion goes on its annual furlough or for convalescence from illness or wounds at no expense.

No applicant in the Legion is enlisted until he has had 24 hours to think it over. And he does not swear allegiance to France but simply takes a pledge to serve the Legion honestly and faithfully.

Many Legionnaires are Russian. When Wrangel's army bogged down on the shores of the Black Sea, many officers and men refused to accept the Bolshevik regime. And officers who witnessed their first trek to Sidi-bel-Abbes told Dick they arrived in rags, many of them ill.

The English or American Legionnaire is quite rare. There was one American with commissioned rank, Capt. Edgar Guerrard Hamilton, Carnegie Tech graduate, a Virginian and famous in the Legion. He enlisted in 1914 and when the war was over he held the rank of 2nd lieutenant.

In the ranks of the Legion there are men in every walk of life. In its orchestra at Sidi-bel-Abbes are men who were once members of noted musical organizations in Europe. Saint

Saens, famous composer, once had his ship put in at Oran so the Legion's band could serenade him.

Every radio station in Morocco has been manned by Legionnaires, and at the military headquarters in Rabat the great bulk of the map reproduction detachment is from the Legion. They have built bridges and tunnels and roads through country where trails were all but impossible.

When the Legion was first formed, soldiers of fortune in a Europe strangely at peace flocked to its ranks, and a hard-bitten, hard-drinking crew they were. The Legion preserves its traditions fiercely, and its officers are tolerant to a degree on the subject of thirst. There is a daily ration of a litre of Algerian wine, and there is a pay-day twice a month. All patrols other than those of the Legion are kept in their barracks. The next morning, with the bulk of the garrison nursing a bitter hang-over and confused memories of fights, they sally forth at dawn with a full pack. They return from the 30-kilometer hike sobered and chastened in spirit, content to wait for next pay-day. On pay-days, the officers find it convenient to absent themselves from barracks if not on duty. As to

POLICE COMICS

the myth of brutal treatment, of men driven mad in lonely outposts by a sadistic sergeant, this is stretching it a bit. The Legion is well fed and well handled, for it would be suicidal to train men for combat and mishandle them at the same time.

As one officer told Dick, "In France, it is a serious offense to lay hands on a man. The outfit I have would mutiny at the drop of a hat at such an offense. I once saw in your United States an inspection of arms, where the officer grabbed the rifle brusquely, pulling a man off balance sometimes, and then virtually flinging it back at him. You make it a drill, we make it a casual incident. The sole object of an inspection is to see that the man's rifle is clean. I examine the piece. Then I hand it back to him and say, 'I thank you.'"

The Legion has changed in the last decade or more. At the opening of the last war it was estimated to be 70 per cent German, and 30 per cent international riffraff. The element was foreordained to be troublesome, and in 1915 they deserted in droves to the German cause when the Legion entered upon active service. At this time much misinformation got abroad to the effect that enthusiasts for the Allied cause were enlisting in the Legion, there to be grouped into units of separate nationalities. This brought into service many a better-grade recruit, who, however, quickly learned that the old-time Legionary still dominated the organization, and who found himself bound for five years' voluntary servitude with the choicest offscourings of Europe's social dregs.

Bulgars, Russians, Annam-

ite Negroes, Apaches, Spaniards, Germans, and Armenians — honor and loyalty to say nothing of love for France, was too much to expect from such an aggregation, so half the motto sags badly. Add valor, however, and there is the beginning of balance; throw in discipline, and the scales are level.

The Legion had a splendid record of achievement; it is an organization that has always been shoved head first into the worst pitfalls laid for French arms by a benevolent government that saw but folly and wastage of fine French manhood in the risking of regular regiments of the line in such dangerous work. But that was what the Legion was for, and it stoically did the job with an eye to meticulous workmanship.

In 1915 the Foreign Legion was cited for meritorious service in action on the battlefield at La Campagne from Souvain to Ferme Navarin; from Somme Pye to Butte Souvain, and at Arras. Again in the Gallipoli campaign the Legion saw action at Saloniki; then it returned to Africa to police its own bailiwick until 1925, when it went into action in Syria, where much transpired for a year or so. The permanent headquarters of the Legion are in Africa, and its full fighting force is not known today; in 1925 it was about 14 thousand men.

An organization made up of the many types which the Legion incorporates must be kept rigidly in hand, and nothing but merciless discipline will accomplish this. Desertion, financially and geographically well-nigh impossible, carries the penalty of death during periods of active service, and in times of peace a sentence of eight years

in a French prison. A fine point obtains in the matter of desertion as to whether a state of war or peace existed at the time of the offense, keeping in view the frequency of minor uprisings in the turbulent country.

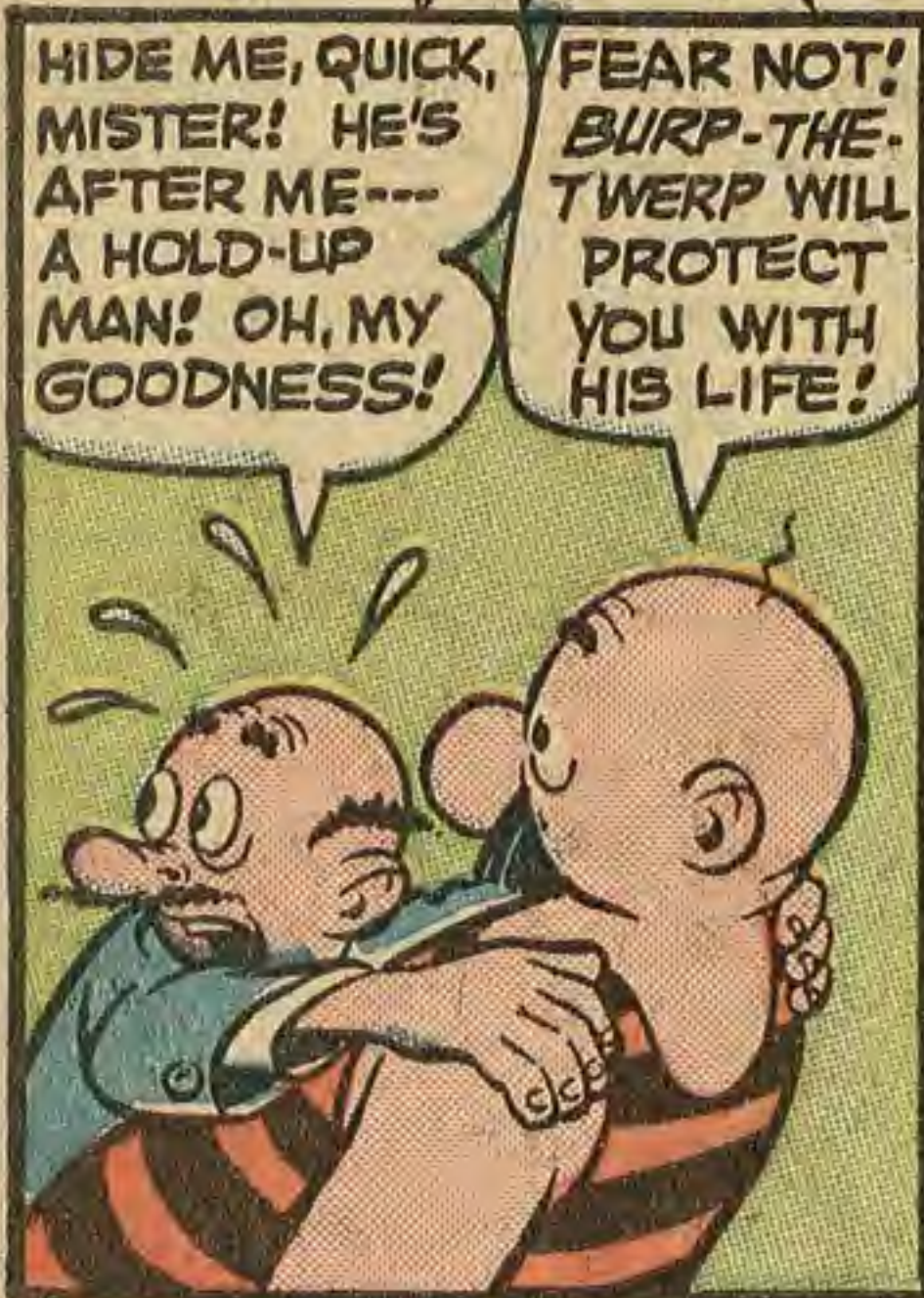
When the Legion is on active duty, prison and garrison punishment are impossible; so there are called into service two forms of discipline which time has proved extremely efficacious. One, called *en silo*, consists in burying the offender up to the neck for a period of hours, the semi-suffocating weight of earth, together with the victim's utter immovability, having a strong tendency to calm any effusiveness. Much more severe is the punishment of *en crapudine*. The offender's hands are tied behind his back, his ankles bound, and then forced to his knees, his hands are lashed to his ankles, pulling the body into an agonizingly unnatural position from which there is absolutely no relief. An hour later or less of this usually results in cries for release which cause the victim to be gagged and unconsciousness from this torture comes within two to four hours. It goes without saying that the offender hesitates a long time before letting himself in for such agony a second time.

From the Legion of old, the Foreign Legion has been a prodigious builder of roads, laying aside the rifle to take up the pick, a form of occupation that lends little glamor to the life. As for glamor, it may be said that though the average person may view life in the Legion with romance, the average Legionnaire spells life in his outfit as pure hard work with no glamour or romance!

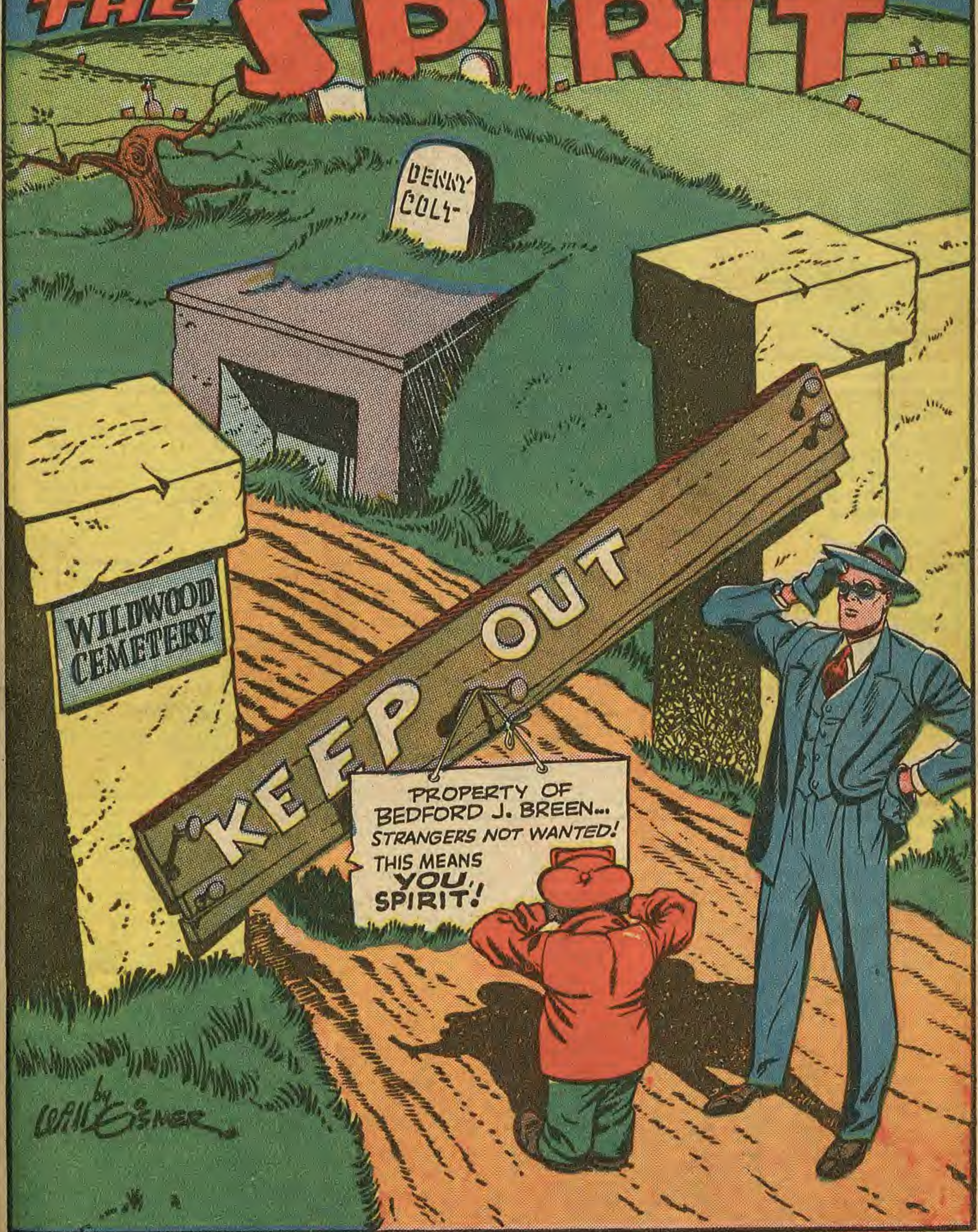
BURP-THE-TWERP

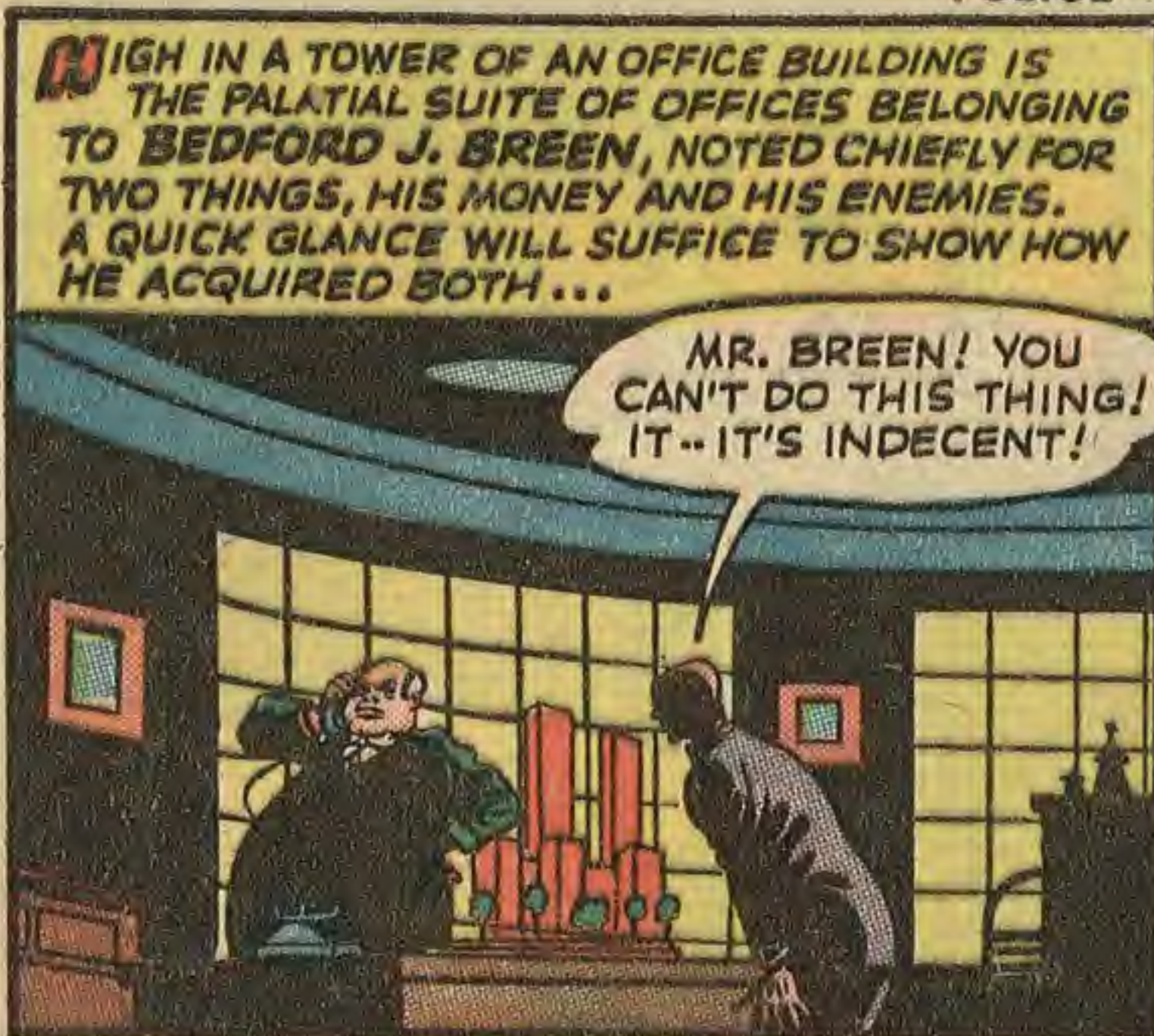
The
SUPER
SO-AN-SO
!

by
RALPH
JOHNS



THE SPIRIT





POLICE COMICS



LATER... AT BEDFORD J. BREEN'S OFFICE...

IF YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, WILL YOU LET ME BUY ONE OF THE TOMBS? I HAVE AN... ER... SENTIMENTAL REGARD FOR DENNY COLT'S LAST RESTING PLACE!

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TELL EBONY TO PACK OUR THINGS! WE'RE LEAVING WILDWOOD!

D-DID YOU SEE WHO JUST WENT BY?

THE SPIRIT!

I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR MYSELF! BUT THIS WILL BREAK EBONY'S HEART!... SAY!!

I MUST BE DREAMING! THAT BIRD LOOKED LIKE SLATS RIORDAN!

BUT SLATS RIORDAN WAS KILLED! -AND BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY!

YOUR THREATS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! LEAVE MY OFFICE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!

YOU'LL BE SORRY, MR. BREEN! I GOT A PERSONAL REASON FOR WANTING NOBODY TO TOUCH WILDWOOD CEMETERY!





YOU LEFT YOURSELF
WIDE OPEN,
SPIRIT!



I'VE GOT AN
IDEA! ... TAKE
'IM DOWN TO
TH' CAR!



SO... THE SPIRIT RETURNS
TO WILDWOOD CEMETERY...



IT'S AWFUL DARK
IN HERE! ... SURE
YOU KNOW WHERE
YOU'RE GOIN'?

DON'T
I KNOW
WHERE
I WAS
BURIED?



MAYBE WE OUGHTA
STRIKE A MATCH! TO
MAKE SURE THIS IS
THE PLACE!

NO! WE
CAN'T TAKE
CHANCES OF
BEIN' SEEN!



THIS IS ONE
SPOT THE SPIRIT
WON'T GET
OUT OF!



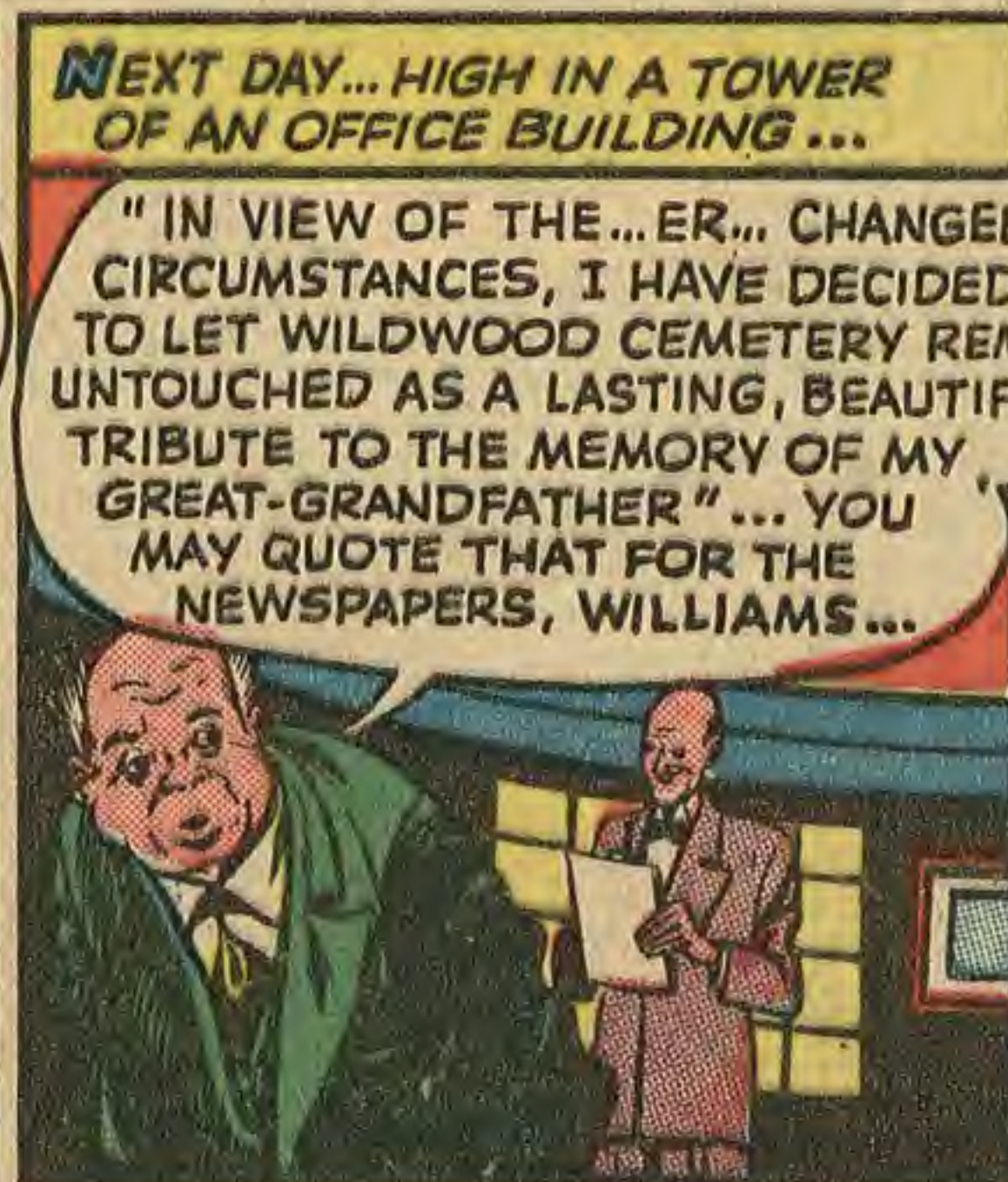
THERE!
PLEASANT
DREAMS,
SPIRIT!



NOW, WHEN THEY GO
LOOKIN' FOR A BODY, THEY'LL
FIND ONE! AN' NOBODY'LL KNOW
IT ISN'T SLATS RIORDAN! ...
HE'LL BE TOO FAR GONE
FOR IDENTIFICATION!

I'VE GOTTA
GIVE YA CREDIT
FER BRAINS,
BOSS!







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To Make New Friends among readers who order the matching Bracelet and Necklace promptly for 10 days examination. Precious sterling silver ring is extra wide. Richly embossed with Forget-Me-Not design that harmonizes beautifully with the necklace and bracelet. Send coupon today, accept this ring as our gift.



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Dept. 36-VS, Jefferson, Iowa

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Please send me: ☐ Necklace ☐ Bracelet. I can return my purchase in 10 days and you will refund my money but I am to keep the ring as your get-acquainted gift. I am to receive the ring without cost if I order both the necklace and bracelet.

Name
Address
City..... State.....



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GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

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MEN'S NECKTIE
GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order.



DRESSER SET
COMB, BRUSH and MIRROR in gift box **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



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Full sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



Sheer Rayon Hosiery
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